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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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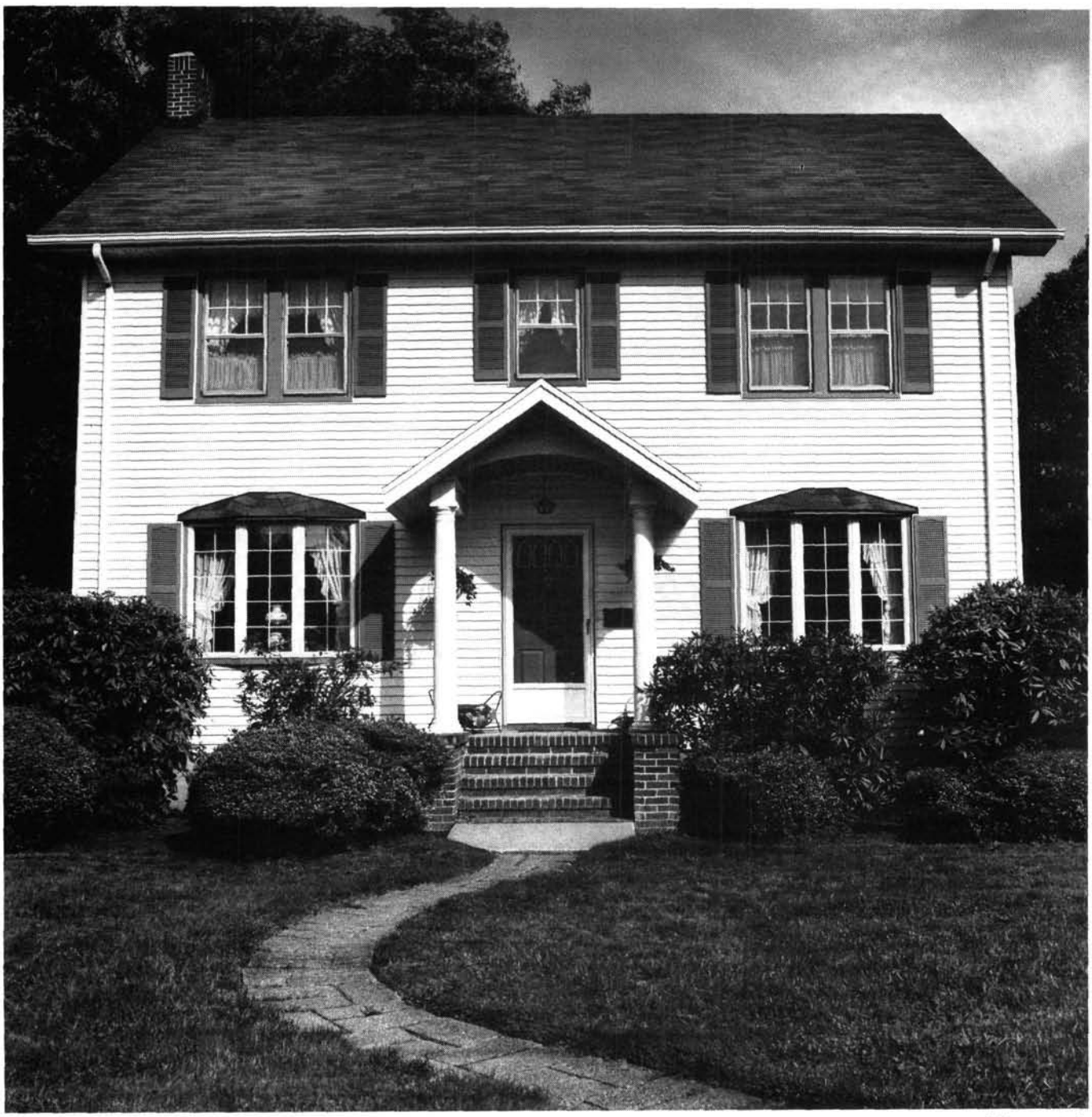

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FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,819

WASHINGTON, D.C. — MARCH 28, 1988

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THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 198, Number 13, Issue 3,819, March 28, 1988. (Printed in the U.S. on March 9, 1988.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 4 & 11, July 18 & 25, Aug. 8 & 15, and Sept. 12 & 19, 1988) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. Leadership Network advertising (212) 684-5500. Yearly subscriptions, $56; foreign, $81; Canada, $70. Back issues, $2.50 (includes postage & handling).

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(ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Available on microfilm from University Microfilms Intnl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106 and Bell & Howell, Old Mansfield Road, Wooster, OH 44691. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. **Subscribers:** Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to **Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 56515, Boulder, CO 80322.** For subscription problems call **800-525-0643.**

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

POTEMKIN ELECTION NIGHT

A bizarre recent innovation in American democracy was on display Super Tuesday. No, not the Southern regional primary, but what might be called the Potemkin election night. By mid-afternoon on March 8 the television networks knew the results with more or less certainty—to within two or three percentage points per candidate in most states—thanks to exit polls. But the ignorant citizenry was treated to hours of bogus suspense in which the results trickled in until late in the evening.

It's not the networks' fault. In 1985, after years of anguished hair-pulling about the impact of exit polls on voting patterns, high-minded reformers bullied the broadcasters into signing a pledge to eschew "projections, characterizations, or any other uses of exit polling data that would indicate the winner of the election before polls in a given state were closed."

For those in the know, the consequence is surreal. At my office people who had talked to people who had talked to the network pollsters were saying at 3 p.m. that Dukakis had captured Florida and Texas, that Gore had won four states and was neck and neck with Jackson in two others, that Gephardt was the day's big loser, and so on.

Around 5 p.m. I strolled over to ABC News, which generously runs a sort of homeless shelter and information soup line for the lowly print media on election nights. There, they were handing out fat folders of demographic data breaking down the day's electorate in each state by race, sex, income, and so on, and reporting who had voted for whom in each category. "You will *not* be receiving horse race information [i.e., total results] based on exit polls," we were sternly informed. The numbers were "for analysis only."

We were specifically cautioned against assuming that the "male" and "female" categories could be combined to calculate the results for the entire electorate. Nevertheless, most reporters in the room were diligently doing precisely that, oblivious to the danger that they might be overlooking some third sex.

At 6:02, as I was leaving ABC with detailed results from most states tucked under my arm, Peter Jennings was on the TV in the lobby bringing viewers a "special report": "We already have the results from one state . . . ," Kentucky, where the polls had closed two minutes earlier. On ABC's 6:30 news, Jennings led with the prediction, "It will be a really busy night," and promised, "We'll be here to bring you *all* the information." Thence to the extended scenes of candidates waving to crowds. Five minutes into the broadcast, there was a suggestion that it might be a bad night for Gephardt "if trends continue." The audience was urged to tune back in at 9 p.m. for the exciting results. Brokaw on NBC and Rather on CBS were just as informative.

Election-night broadcasts, in short, are now sort of like baseball broadcasts in the early days of radio. The announcer doles out the results inning by inning, long after he knows the final score. Journalists who ordinarily would go to jail rather than submit to a "prior restraint" on their right to report important information seem to have accepted this one without a squeak.

And going along is not merely a matter of leaving viewers in the dark. It has evolved into something very close to actual deception, as broadcasters struggle not to let on what they already know without making the whole process seem ridiculous. How would it look if Dan Rather said on the evening news: "I've known since 2:30 that one of the candidates is a dead dog. Tune in at 9 p.m. and I'll tell you which one." It's only natural that the networks resort instead to phony tension-builders. And all for what? A pompous, self-appointed "Commission on National Elections" a few years ago said the media have "a dual responsibility to the public: to inform them, but also to protect the integrity of the electoral process." How is that integrity threatened by the prompt reporting of accurate information?

The nub of the complaint is that it somehow cheats people of their citizenship if results are reported before they have had a chance to vote. But this is silly. Those results exist whether they are reported or not. The truth is that virtually every election is decided *despite*

continued on page 42

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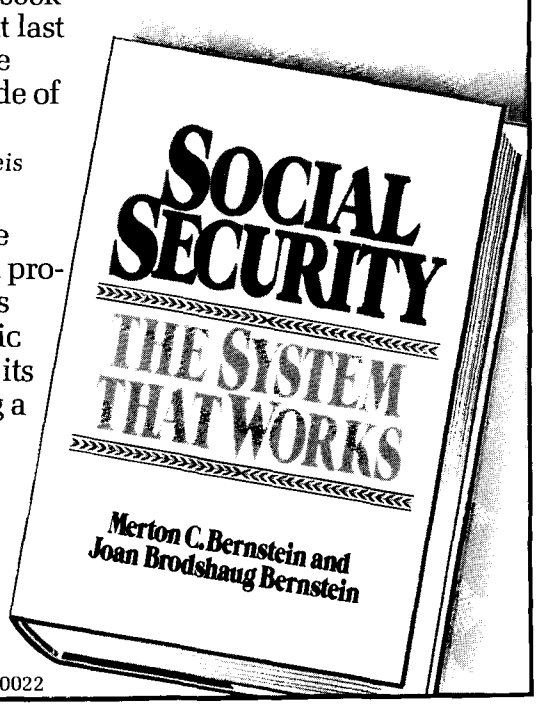

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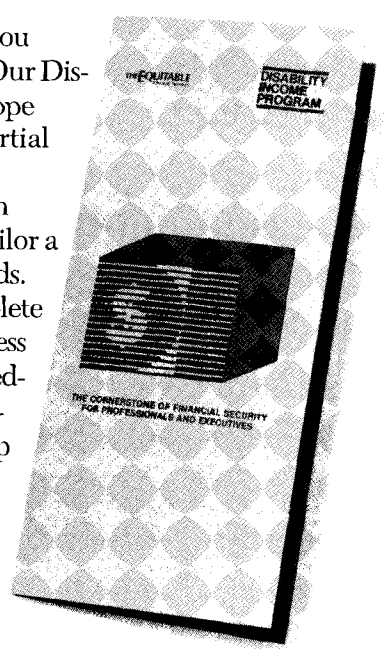

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE GORE TICKET

To the editors:
Although I think Al Gore would be a fine president, your treatment of Michael Dukakis in the course of your Gore endorsement was unfair and inaccurate ("Our Choice," March 7). Whether Dukakis deserves all, some, or a bit of the credit for the Massachusetts miracle, the economy of that state has made a remarkable recovery during his watch. No doubt if the state were in dire straits Dukakis would be blamed. TNR makes no mention of his estimable qualities: executive experience (including balancing budgets in good times and bad), a personal commitment to family, and real intelligence. I like Al Gore, and appreciate that a Democrat cannot win without a Southerner on the ticket. I hope the ticket is Dukakis-Gore. I'd support a Gore-Dukakis ticket. I hope TNR has left enough room to do the same.

DAVID SONENSHEIN
Merion, Pennsylvania

To the editors:
I need more convincing arguments about Al Gore's qualifications than "it is actually a pleasure to hear Gore speak." Give me a break! By that qualification, Ronald Reagan has been a good president. I find no "pleasure" from Gore's attacks on Mike Dukakis or his support of the Libya bombing and Grenada invasion.

TIMOTHY MCBRIDE
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:
As a Republican, right-wing liberal, I agree that Al Gore is the only plausible and responsible potential Democratic nominee. TNR's argument would have been stronger, however, if you had eschewed your more unfair verbal habits. TNR says, "Republicans still preach greed," when Republicans actually "preach" that markets allocate resources more efficiently than politicians and that those who earn income have more claim to it than do-gooders who feel smug about the compassion they make others pay for. It will be fascinating to watch TNR try to rationalize its realistic and internationalist foreign policy preferences with support of the isolationist, appeasing, and quasi-pacifist Democratic Party, whose character will not be altered even if Gore should win the White House.

J. SIGURD NIELSEN

To the editors:
So TNR's editors think that if Dukakis is the Democratic nominee "the fight wouldn't be fun." Well, maybe being a U.S. president isn't a laughing matter. The editors, though, must think so—how else to explain their endorsement of Al Gore?

PAUL P. SCHEURER
Minneapolis, Minnesota

To the editors:
In regards to your endorsement of Al Gore, I can only thank God that Pat Robertson didn't study under your editor in chief.

DOUGLAS C. ALEXANDER
Atlanta, Georgia

CRY BABY

To the editors:
M.P.'s Cambridge Diarist wastes no breath tilting against the South African political order in his review of *Cry Freedom* ("Black and White," December 21). He vents his spleen instead on filmmaker Richard Attenborough. The Diarist's preferred post-apartheid option seems to be a regime in which Chief Gatsha Buthelezi would have a leading role, and he lifts out of context something I wrote about Buthelezi more than a decade ago to support the notion that Buthelezi today enjoys growing approval among blacks, which is untrue. M. P. opposes the African National Congress as an heir, apparently because it has a strong left wing. Because he is using *Cry Freedom* to score points on the ANC, he winds up distorting the film.

He asserts that Nelson Mandela was less prominent as a nationalist hero in the mid-1970s than Buthelezi or Robert Sobukwe, which is untrue. To accuse Attenborough of "airbrushing" Buthelezi out is preposterous, since the film takes place in the Cape province where Buthelezi has never had any following among blacks. He makes the historically unfounded assertion that Steve Biko represented the alternative to the ANC. Biko's movement for black consciousness emerged in the late 1960s after the South African government had crushed all manifestations of African nationalism, including the ANC. His movement aimed to breathe life back into a long tradition of struggle, not to displace the banned older organizations, and at the time of Biko's death he was working for unity among all nationalist tendencies. To suggest that the ANC stood to gain by Biko's death is therefore mischievous. M. P. also suggests that because Biko excoriated paternalistic white liberals in his early writings (to drive home his message of black self-reliance), the film Biko should have acted "threatening" to Donald Woods or to white audiences. This is to misread a man to whose spirit and political intelligence such adolescent behavior would have been completely alien.

GAIL GERHART
New York, New York

M.P. replies:
Ten years ago Professor Gerhart published *Black Power in South Africa*, a scholarly account of the many-faceted struggle against apartheid, including that waged by the Pan Africanist Congress and the Black Consciousness movement identified with Steve Biko. She seems now to be a flack for the ANC, perhaps precisely because, as she so jejunely puts it, "it has a strong left wing." From this perspective, of course Gatsha Buthelezi is an anathema.

It is serious when a professor at Columbia University tampers with the historical record, which in this case means that she needs to deny the evidence of her own book. On page 288 she speaks of Buthelezi not as a local Cape leader but as a national figure; on page 292, as an ally also of Biko. On page 307 she argues that Buthelezi "has over the past few years become one of the most important disseminators of African nationalist ideology. . . . To argue that Buthelezi is a net asset to the regime because he lends credibility or legitimacy to Bantustans is seriously to undervalue his role as a propagandist for nationalism. Buthelezi is, in fact, the strongest evidence that black initiatives can lead to the backfiring of the best-laid plans of the apartheid strategists." The ANC wanted always to count both Communists and whites in. On page 315, she concludes finally that the regime's crackdown on the network of organizations put together by Biko "served . . . the fortunes of the ANC, which has been trying hard since the emergence of the Black Consciousness movement to make itself relevant to the rising generation." With Biko murdered and his comrades jailed, the ANC became the only possible legatee of their martyrdom.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
MARCH 28, 1988

AFTER SUPER TUESDAY

Super Tuesday converted the Democratic presidential contest into a two-man race between Michael Dukakis and Albert Gore, and created what to us is an unmistakable political rationale for Gore's nomination. The rationale is simple: the Democratic Party cannot win the November election without scoring well in the South, especially among white independents and conservatives, and Gore is the one Democrat who shows appeal among such voters. Dukakis, by contrast, appeals to the same voters who supported Walter Mondale in 1984, and would lose the election—perhaps not quite as disastrously, but he would lose.

Dukakis carried Texas and Florida, and his supporters contend that this—along with his victories in the Northeast and Far West—proves his national strength. There is no question that Dukakis has advantages in the race to get the Democratic nomination. He has a big lead in money, a strong organization, and an appealing domestic policy message. But Dukakis's nomination is hardly inevitable. He leads Gore in delegates by only 471 to 344, according to NBC estimates. On Super Tuesday he fundamentally carried the part of the South that is least representative of the region's general election voters: white liberals and Hispanics in Texas and transplanted Northeastern retirees in Florida.

Meanwhile, Jesse Jackson got practically all of the Southern black vote, plus ten percent of the white vote, and carried the Deep South states: Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, and Mississippi, plus Virginia. Jackson raised his percentage of the Super Tuesday states' white vote from three percent in 1984 to eight percent this year, and in Massachusetts he was up to 20 percent. This scarcely indicates broad appeal, however. Exit polls show he is appealing to left-leaning whites who have no George McGovern to support this year. High Jackson percentages in given states simply suggest that left-liberals have come to dominate those Democratic primary electorates.

Of all the Democratic candidates, Gore demonstrated the broadest and deepest support across the South, especially among those Southerners necessary to carry the region in the general election. He handily won the border South: Tennessee, Kentucky, Arkansas, North Carolina, and Oklahoma. He also finished second in all the Deep South states (less than 2,000 votes behind Jackson in Alabama) and in Texas. According to NBC's exit polls, Gore won a plurality of the Southern popular vote, with 34 percent to Jackson's 26 percent and Dukakis's 20 percent. And most important for Democrats who want a winner in November, Gore carried those groups most likely to be tempted to swing toward a Republican.

Among Democrats who voted for Ronald Reagan in 1984, according to ABC News exit polls, Gore won 35 percent, to 25 percent for Dukakis and 12 percent for Jackson. Among self-identified "core Democrats," Gore scored a respectable third, with 22 percent, behind Jackson with 35 and Dukakis with 26. (They'll vote Democratic whoever is nominated.) But among "non-Democrats" voting in the Democratic primaries, Gore won with 32 percent, to Dukakis's 22 and Jackson's 17. Among Republicans, Gore won 41 percent, Dukakis, 16. Among independents, Gore won 28 percent, Dukakis, 26. Among conservatives, Gore won 35 percent, Dukakis, 23 percent. The overall Southern turnout suggests mounting trouble for the national Democratic Party. Participation in the Republican primary swelled, while there continued to be a shrinkage of Democratic turnout and a tendency for liberals to be disproportionately represented among Democratic primary voters. In 1976 Democrats won the White House by nominating a Southerner. It's their best hope, too, in 1988.

For that to happen, however, Al Gore will have to demonstrate strength outside the South. He did win the Wyoming and Nevada caucuses, but obviously he now needs to defeat Dukakis in the industrial North and then in California. We think he can with the message he is crafting: a positive populism that appeals to working people on the basis of their hopes and aspirations for security and opportunity, as well as their justified resentment of corporations that have failed to innovate and stay competitive.

Richard Gephardt and Jesse Jackson both have campaigned as negative populists—arguing that America's lagging position in world markets is entirely someone else's fault: corporations, in Jackson's demonology, foreigners and corporations in Gephardt's. Gephardt might actually have succeeded politically, but he was forced to abandon his jingo-populist message when Gore and Dukakis put

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him on the defensive with attacks on his inconsistent voting record and acceptance of special interest campaign contributions. Gephardt is now out of money, and is virtually finished as a candidate. Gore stole the potential Gephardt vote in the South, and he is in a position to do so elsewhere in the country, by acknowledging the anxieties of working Americans about their economic future and presenting an agenda for American innovation and competitive excellence, and worldwide economic growth.

Gore has special qualifications for the task ahead. As we noted in endorsing his candidacy several weeks ago ("Our Choice," TNR, March 7), he is one of Congress's leading experts on science and technology—the frontier for American economic expansion. He is one of Congress's chief investigators of abuse of the environment, and is advocating that America get its fiscal house in order and that it give American young people "the best education system in the world."

Dukakis, who seems terminally boring and repetitive in TV debates, has advanced a positive domestic and international trade agenda. Thus, in the new two-man race the Democrats will be making an attractive case for future growth. Dukakis's main theme is "good jobs at good wages and genuine opportunity for every American." But there are some major holes in both Gore's and Dukakis's agendas that will make either vulnerable to attack from the Republicans, especially if the U.S. economy is still in good shape this fall.

Neither has issued a budget outline indicating, for example, how much it will cost to guarantee every qualified student a college education and to provide seed capital for new industry, and where the money will come from. Du-

THE ZEITGEIST CHECKLIST

BY CHARLES PAUL FREUND

This Week		Last Week	Weeks on Chart
1.	WHISTLING DIXIE	*	6
2.	THREE TO GET READY	3	2
3.	STRAIGHT AND HARROWING	*	29
4.	BUS STOP	*	8
5.	ON THIN ISTHMUS	1	4
6.	KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY	2	2
7.	EVIL EMPIRE	7	2
8.	THE LONG GOODBYE	*	2
9.	ET TU, U2	—	1
10.	THE PONG SHOW	—	1

Bush. Knocking out Dole with a Southern sweep solves one problem for Bush, but it may present him with another. Alone, Bush is not a captivating figure; he's a much better media character as a contrast to others with whom he's in conflict. With Robertson prostrate and Dole nearly gone, Bush may have trouble keeping attention focused on his candidacy.

Super Tuesday. A three-man race—if that's what it is—is a lot more focused than a four-man race, which is good for the Dems. But who, according to the South, are the Dems? Gephardt's "clear message" lost him the region. Dukakis got Northern retirees, and it's a good thing for him he speaks Spanish. Jackson's Southern white support was microscopic. The fact is, Gore's efforts really have put him at the center of things. Iowa? What Iowa?

AIDS. The most interesting thing about the Masters & Johnson & Kolodny report on AIDS and straights is how adamant the press seemed in refusing to pick up on potential hysteria. For now. The media usually love hysteria, and M&J are serious authorities. But the *Cosmo* story last month (sex is safe again) made it clear the public won't buy that angle at the moment, and selling people what they want is journalism's business too.

Israel. A Jewish weekly recently proclaimed "the end of the Zionist Century." An indication of how accurate its judgment is will be the treatment of the terrorist attack on an Israeli bus. Early reports juxtaposed the bus footage with replays of Israeli beatings, placing the bus attack in the context of the "uprising." The rhetoric of the situation is moving out of Israel's reach, and David Grossman's new book on life under occupation isn't helping.

Panama. The Panama story has moved from politics to the results of economic pressures applied by the U.S. This makes two sieges by the U.S. in Central America. Oddly, there's been little reaction by a public that is often touchy about any application of U.S. muscle. True, Noriega has attained bogeyman status, but the siege story is angled not against him, but toward common Panamanians.

Drug war. It has quickly become received wisdom even in the middlebrow press that the vaunted War on Drugs is a failure, with an admission of futility only a step away. That step would be to call in the entire armed forces, a move the Pentagon has long resisted. Failing full militarization, only one other step remains: rethinking the whole mess in terms of legalization.

Soviet unrest. Soviet problems with non-Russians are playing rather coolly here. In Britain, by contrast, there are screaming banners about "tearful Armenians" telling of "atrocities." That would have been a natural headline here too not long ago. What happened? Residual Gorbomania? The Tibetans aren't getting much attention either, but the Chinese have been OK with us for a while now.

Reagan's end. American politics are fun. Embracing Reagan is the key to success for GOP candidates, even though Reagan looks as bad as he ever has. His press conference was awful, his staff is supplying him with detailed meetings scripts (including talking points such as "Good Morning"), and indications of his, um, weariness are ubiquitous. He is both central to politics now, and hardly there at all.

U2. The success of the Irish rock quartet U2 at the Grammy Awards may be another sign of the reviving Commercial Left. U2 gets a lot of airplay and sells a lot of records, but its public persona seems defined by its social concerns. The group acknowledged influences from Bishop Tutu and the Rev. King (as well as from Morris the Cat). Bruce Springsteen, another Commercial Left figure, also won, but didn't show.

Video games. Both *Newsweek* and the *Wall Street Journal* have proclaimed the return of the video game, this time an at-home phenomenon. But the *WSJ*, in a separate story, simultaneously proclaimed the return of video addiction. That didn't take long. Alleged video addiction was one of the great media bubbles of the original fad; its instant re-emergence shows good reflexes at the media joystick.

*Item resurfaces in the Zeitgeist after at least one week's absence.

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kakis says he will control spending and will not rule out new taxes to close the deficit, but he avoids specifying which programs he would cut and which taxes he would hike. He claims that doubling the number of IRS agents will enable the government to collect $20 billion a year in unpaid taxes, though that would hardly close the deficit by itself. Unless he specifies, Republicans surely will play upon Dukakis's Northeast liberal background and accuse him of being an advocate of the old "tax and spend" Democratic agenda. Similarly, Gore says he would wait until January 1989—to see whether there's a recession looming—and then decide whether to raise taxes. Republicans will try to convince people that Gore, while a Southerner, is no fiscal conservative.

Dukakis is basing his campaign on the "Massachusetts miracle," but that too has holes. The state's growth was based on advantages that Dukakis had little to do with creating—notably, the Harvard-MIT high-tech research environment. Dukakis can claim to have attracted industry to the state and to have seen that its benefits were distributed to poor regions. But his job as president would not be to outstrip other states in awarding businesses tax and other incentives to move to Massachusetts as opposed to, say, Connecticut. His job would be to create conditions so that both Massachusetts and Connecticut would grow—and also Mississippi, Brazil, and Mexico. Dukakis's speeches and ads show that he understands the problem, but he has not demonstrated that he can solve it. Gore's speeches also show a dedication to free trade, world growth, job training, but he too needs to thicken the message with substantive proposals.

The biggest flaw in the Dukakis case—and the signal advantage for Gore—lies in foreign policy. Unlike Gephardt, whom we suspect of saying whatever seems expedient, Dukakis appears to believe exactly what he says about America's place in the world. And what he says constitutes abandonment of the U.S. position as a great power. Dukakis confirmed on NBC's "Meet the Press" on February 7 that he believes that the Monroe Doctrine has been superseded by the Rio Treaty and the OAS Charter. Dukakis later denied Gore's charge that this meant he was acceding to the establishment of a pro-Soviet regime in Nicaragua, but in practical terms that is exactly what it means. There is no chance that two-thirds of the nations of Latin America will vote in favor of any action to displace the Nicaraguan regime, and that is what the Rio Treaty requires to sanction armed intervention.

Dukakis's policy also would make it impossible for the United States to act as it is now doing against Panamanian dictator Manuel Noriega. Article 18 of the OAS Charter declares that "no State . . . has the right to intervene, directly or indirectly, for any reason whatever, in the internal or external affairs of any other state. The foregoing principle prohibits not only armed force, but also any other form of interference or attempted threat against the personality of the state or against its political, economic, or cultural elements." Article 19 declares that "no state may use or encourage the use of coercive measures of an economic or political character in order to force the will of another state and obtain for it advantage of any kind." This also means that the United States could not use economic leverage against Chile or Paraguay to affect their human rights policies.

Dukakis attempts to use the words "strong" and "strength"—23 separate times in his February 19 speech to the South Dakota state Senate—but his foreign policy is one of dangerous weakness. Dukakis claims to be willing, if necessary, to build up the NATO alliance's conventional strength in order to achieve parity with the Soviet Union, but that is out of sync with his entire attitude toward defense. Nor is it a realistic possibility in view of economic pressures on allied defense spending and NATO's tradition of using the threat of nuclear weapons as a relatively inexpensive way to deter conventional war.

Dukakis also declares that he opposes nuclear aircraft carriers, the MX and Midgetman missiles, Star Wars, antisatellite weapons, and modernized nuclear warheads. He says that he favors a 50 percent reduction in nuclear arsenals. But how does he expect to get the Soviets to agree to such cuts if he announces in advance that he plans to scrap SDI? A Republican opponent surely will tell the electorate that the Reagan administration got as far as it did in arms talks with the Soviets because it bargained hard, and that Dukakis could not do the same. He would be right. He will also remind the electorate that Dukakis opposed the Grenada invasion and the reflagging of Kuwaiti vessels in the Persian Gulf. Of all the Democratic candidates, in fact, only Al Gore is not vulnerable to such charges of weakness, and sets forth a foreign policy of prudence and strength. Gore based his Southern strategy on a refusal to capitulate to dovish foreign policy litmus-testers in Iowa, and it worked on Super Tuesday. We believe that only Gore could win a majority of the South's electoral votes on Election Day and get the Democrats back into the White House.

NOTEBOOK

□ GEPHARDTNOMICS, PART ONE: The other Democratic candidates have been ribbing Representative Richard Gephardt for his support of the 1981 tax bill, the cornerstone of Reaganomics and the fount of today's federal deficits. Gephardt says that vote accords with his newfound populist principles since two-thirds of the tax cuts went to people making under $50,000 a year. He's right. Here's what he leaves out: (1) In 1981 over 90 percent of the population made less than $50,000 a year. In other words, a third of the benefit went to less than a tenth—the richest tenth—of the population. (2) That's only the personal tax cuts. Two-fifths of the tax cuts benefited corporations. The Congressional Budget Office recently estimated that three-quarters of corporate tax cuts benefit the richest fifth of the population. (3) Because of inflationary "bracket creep," most people saw their taxes go up despite the 1981 rate cuts. Only those making over $75,000 generally got a

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real tax cut. For more on Gephardtnomics, see page 22.

□ DEAD METAPHORS TELL NO TALES:
"A world ends when its metaphor has died."
—TNR, March 7, page 5 (editorial endorsing Al Gore)

"There are no dead metaphors."
—same issue, page 29 (Geoffrey Hartman on Paul de Man)
(thanks to Rabbi David Wolpe, Los Angeles, California)

□ UP IN THE AIR: "The cost of corporate travel is about to go through the roof," the *Wall Street Journal* reported on March 4. Full coach fares are going up 12 percent to 18 percent, and rules for special fares are being tightened to make sure business travelers can't take advantage of them. Meanwhile, something else is increasing even faster: frequent flier mileage. Major airlines are now offering triple mileage to regular travelers—obligating themselves to provide hundreds of millions of dollars of future free travel. The connection is obvious, though the airlines don't care to draw it. They're increasing the price they charge businesses in order to pay for increased bribes to people who work for those businesses and decide which airline to fly.

□ LOCAL BOYS MAKE GOOD: This month marks Stanley Kauffmann's 30th anniversary as TNR's regular film critic. Bravo! We wish him many more years in the dark. This month also sees the publication of *Citizen Cohn* (Doubleday), the long-awaited biography of Roy Cohn by TNR contributing editor Nicholas von Hoffman.

□ CATS AND DOGS AND WHO KNOWS WHAT: Remember that notorious $8 million grant, sponsored by Senator Daniel Inouye, to build schools in France for Jewish immigrants from North Africa? It became a symbol of runaway spending in last year's omnibus budget bill. After all the publicity, the grant was rescinded, but it turns out to have been a better symbol than anyone even realized at the time. Apparently it never even occurred to the obscure American charity that helps support these French schools to ask for federal help until its officers read in the newspaper about the insane giveaways in the omnibus bill itself. In one of the memorable quotes of the year, a Ralph Tawill explained to Martin Tolchin of the *New York Times*: "When we found out that the Congress of the U.S. was giving out money to cats and dogs and who knows what, we thought we could get a piece of it." And they were right.

□ THANK YOU FOR CLEARING THAT UP:

Candidates, Voters and Issues a Puzzle, Poll Finds

—*New York Times*, March 5

□ ARAFAT'S RESPONSE: If there is a chance for peace in Israel, it will require the Israelis to cede some West Bank and Gaza territory to the sovereignty of Arabs. We salute the 30 U.S. senators, many of them longtime and genuine supporters of the Jewish state, for telling that simple truth to Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir. But Israeli willingness to compromise is only one component of the peace settlement. Peace also requires enforceable guarantees that returned lands would not be used once again as staging areas for the ongoing Arab war against the Jews. Alas, the Arabs in general and the Palestinians in particular have rarely shown a talent for compromise. And they don't have that talent now. Yasir Arafat's Fatah wing of the PLO—that's the wing routinely described as "moderate"—has again unambiguously demonstrated its rejection of the peace process. Fatah last week claimed responsibility for the car bomb outside Secretary of State George Shultz's Jerusalem hotel. Now, as if seizing the credit from the devil himself, Arafat's faction has announced that it was Fatah commandos who visited death on a civilian bus innocently making its way south from Beersheba to Dimona in Israel. Terrorist attacks like these, by Fatah and its competitors, are attempted every day. They fail only because of the vigilance of Israel's security forces and its people. The various PLO sects have proved that they are no more appropriate partners for peace talks with Israel than the provisional IRA is an appropriate negotiating partner in Ulster. Last week, by the way, British military agents killed three unarmed IRA militants—in Gibraltar, no less. We don't approve of this ourselves. But we note that the British Foreign Office does. We await Whitehall's next denunciation of Israel's harsh measures against Palestinians.

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

NEUTRAL FOR BUSH

LAST NOVEMBER President Reagan took umbrage at the suggestion that Vice President George Bush is a wimp. That charge is unfair, isn't it? asked TV interviewer David Frost. "Yes. Yes," said Reagan. When he picked Bush, he didn't want "just someone sitting around taking my pulse and waiting for something to happen to me." His veep, Reagan said, "should be like an executive vice president in a large corporation." And Bush has. "He's been a participant in all the major issues and the things that take place," Reagan said. Bush is "the finest vice president in my memory in this country."

The characterization of Bush as "executive vice president" was a job upgrade. But Senator Bob Dole, Bush's chief foe for the Republican presidential nomination, let it pass. Then a month later Reagan used the phrase again in a nationally televised interview with four broadcast anchormen. "He's an executive vice president," Reagan said. "He's a major part." This time Dole was miffed, and he complained to the White House that Reagan was violating his vow of neutrality in the presidential race. Not so, Reagan said, and this word was sent back to Dole. Still, Dole

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had a point. Reagan is publicly neutral, but as most White House aides will tell you, he's neutral for Bush.

There are two reasons for this. One is that the president likes Bush and is grateful for Bush's loyalty. The second is that he's not too crazy about Dole. The president regards Dole as grudgingly supportive of his policies. He was ticked when Dole took so long to endorse the treaty eliminating medium-range nuclear missiles. When Dole came around on the treaty last December 16, Reagan agreed to appear with him in the White House press room, but was noticeably restrained in praising him. Nor is Reagan pleased that Dole says in campaign speeches that the deficit is "public enemy No. 1." Reagan understandably takes this as implied criticism.

An angry run-in between Dole and Reagan on December 4 only worsened relations. The night before Reagan had told the four anchormen that critics of the arms treaty were "ignorant" and "have accepted that war is inevitable." Dole, still undecided on the treaty at the time, took this attack personally. The next morning, during an Oval Office session with congressional leaders, Dole raised the matter face-to-face with Reagan. "He was hot," says Dole spokesman Walt Riker. Dole said Reagan and Secretary of State George Shultz didn't understand the Senate's role in ratifying a treaty. After the discussion switched to another subject, Dole insisted on returning to the president's TV comments. Reagan didn't respond. "He sloughed it off," an official said.

Reagan has never had an unkind word for Bush, or a run-in. In accepting the GOP nomination in 1984, Reagan called Bush "the finest vice president this country has ever had." During the 1984 campaign, he referred to Bush as the "best" veep ever. More recently Reagan has sought to ease any political problems for Bush from Iranamok. The president told reporters at a photo opportunity that Bush hadn't attended a meeting at which objections to the arms sale to Iran were raised. (In fact, Bush had been there.) At his press conference on February 24, Reagan said Bush had expressed "reservations" about the deal. The president didn't elaborate. The next day Reagan was asked by Lou Cannon of the *Washington Post* if Bush would carry on his legacy. I'm neutral, Reagan protested. "But I would have to point out that George Bush as vice president has been a part of all that we've been doing."

ASIDE FROM Reagan's comments, the White House has gone to absurd lengths to present an appearance of neutrality. Last spring and again this winter, Cabinet members were reminded that they shouldn't publicly support any particular presidential candidate. In the days before Reagan's January 25 State of the Union address, White House officials debated whether any mention of "college savings bonds" should be made in the accompanying legislative message. Aides of Howard Baker, the White House chief of staff, argued that the bonds shouldn't be cited because Bush offers them as a proposal in his campaign speeches. This argument lost, and the bonds were mentioned in the message as "an incentive for lower- and middle-income families to save now for the future education of their children." As it turned out, an official said, Dole had made a similar proposal.

Such episodes have made Bush backers leery of Baker and his aides. Baker is friendly with Dole, who succeeded him as Senate Republican leader. For a while, the Bush crowd—and Bush himself—blamed Baker for allowing Dole to announce his support for the arms treaty at the White House, with Reagan present. In truth, Baker and Tom Griscom, the White House communications chief, had merely facilitated the Dole endorsement, which Reagan was eager to get. Paranoids on the Bush staff can also point to supposed Dole moles working close to the president. The head of the White House office of public liaison, Rebecca Range, was an assistant to Elizabeth Dole at the Transportation Department and is viewed as a Dole supporter. Both she and Ken Duberstein, the deputy chief of staff, who is neutral, are listed in the acknowledgments of *Unlimited Partners*, the Doles' dual autobiography.

BECAUSE Reagan remains extremely popular with Republican voters, Dole and Bush have frantically sought to identify themselves with him. On February 2 Dole released 11 letters from Reagan, dating back to 1981, that lauded him for guiding bills through the Senate. The Dole press release said the letters were "just a sample of many in the Dole files." A week later Dole brandished a fresh letter from Reagan, this one praising him for helping win Senate approval of *contra* aid. This made Bush all the more anxious to be embraced by Reagan. The next day he ate lunch with Reagan, a weekly ritual. Naturally Bush wanted a picture of the event released, and a Bush aide notified the White House press office that the *New York Times* had requested one. This threw Reagan's staff into a quandary. They didn't want to tilt toward Bush, but the normal practice was to release a photo of the lunch if requested. Late in the day they released it.

The Dole-Bush fight has spread to the Cabinet, despite official neutrality. Everyone knows Treasury Secretary James A. Baker is for Bush. He was Bush's campaign manager in 1980. The surprising thing is that his support for Bush has been all but invisible this year. Shultz is regarded as pro-Bush, particularly by Dole. He zings Shultz in his stump speeches. "As we rush toward a follow-on treaty [with the Soviets], Shultz is looking for a place in the history books," Dole says. "Personally I'd prefer that this country have a longer history." Attorney General Edwin Meese, who was disappointed in Dole's effort in the battle to put Robert Bork on the Supreme Court, is a Bushie. "Meese gets along better with Bush than with Dole," says a Meese associate. "He's well-disposed toward Bush."

Defense Secretary Frank Carlucci is seen as neutral. But Dole doesn't like Carlucci (Bush does), and sided with former Navy Secretary James Webb in his blowup with Carlucci in February. Last October Dole spotted Interior Secretary Donald Hodel in the audience at the Western States Republican Leadership Conference in Se-

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attle. "Mr. Secretary," Dole said, "I've already got two members of the Cabinet on my team. Maybe we should get together for lunch when we get back to Washington." Dole was referring to his wife, who'd been transportation secretary, and William Brock, who was soon to leave as labor secretary to become Dole's campaign manager. Dole and Hodel didn't get together, but Hodel was contacted by several Bush associates in search of an endorsement. Hodel declined.

The most sustained wooing of the Reagan Cabinet was conducted by the Dole campaign. Brock tried to enlist Education Secretary William Bennett for a top spot in the Dole hierarchy. Brock and his wife took the Bennetts to dinner at Tiberio's, one of Washington's most expensive restaurants. "Bennett was fairly well disposed, but didn't want to give up his Cabinet job," said Dole adviser David Keene. Actually, there was more to it than that. Bennett and his chief aide, William Kristol, had met with Bush and briefed him on education issues. And Bennett is a friend of Jack Kemp.

After his victory in the Iowa caucuses on February 8, Dole attempted to get at least three Cabinet endorsements, partly to show that Bush was not supported by those who'd worked with him. An administration official said Energy Secretary John Herrington considered it. Dole aides talked as if Labor Secretary Ann McLaughlin, who worked for Dole's abortive 1980 bid for the presidency, would endorse. And Bennett, for one, was told that Housing and Urban Development Secretary Samuel Pierce was ready. Bennett balked anyway, and so did the others. A few days later he ran into Pierce. "I hear you're going to endorse Bob Dole," Bennett said. No way, said Pierce. "I'm not even for him."

FRED BARNES

The real Austria.

ABSURD REICH

"I HAVE nothing left to say about Adolf Hitler," sighed one of the great Austrians of the century, Karl Kraus. There is not much more to say about Kurt Waldheim either. But March 11 marked the 50th anniversary of the Anschluss, and there is something more to be said about Austria.

The Waldheim affair has thrown an unwelcome light on Austria's attitude to the past, a curious mixture of oblivion and impenitence. We have all been fascinated by President Waldheim's amnesia about his war service, and by the reaction in Austria. There were the polls that supported Waldheim, the deputy mayor of Linz who complained about the "gentlemen from Jerusalem," the former foreign minister who observed that the historians on the commission investigating Waldheim's record "weren't exactly his friends, after all," the conservative leader in the pretty western province of Vorarlberg who told the Jews to remember what had happened to them once before this century.

What sort of country *is* this? Evidently not the Austria of the tourism industry's imagination, Alps and Mozart and waltzes and Sacher torte. Nor is it quite like its larger neighbor. The real contrast is not between Austria and the West but between Austria and Germany, the Germany of the Federal Republic: purged, penitent, reflective, honest. Compare two presidents: the resentful, unapologetic, and blustering Waldheim with Weizsäcker, who said in his noble speech to the Bundestag in 1986 that all Germans must now be aware of what had once been done in their name, and that no German who lived through the Third Reich could have been wholly ignorant of what was being done. No Austrian statesman would ever make such a speech. Why not? To answer these questions means looking at the Austrian hang-up in historical perspective. And it leads to another question: Does "Austria" really exist?

IT DOES as a place. The old Archduchy of Austria is today the northeastern corner of the Austrian republic: the two provinces of Upper and Lower Austria. Its archdukes were the Hapsburgs, unimportant German princes who emerged from obscurity in the 15th century when one of them was elected Holy Roman Emperor precisely because of his insignificance.

During the next century the Hapsburgs became the greatest rulers in Europe through their adroitness at dynastic marriage. They ruled a random collection of territories—sometimes an empire from Peru to Spain to the Netherlands to Hungary—but never a "country." When Spanish Hapsburgs branched off, the senior lands of the senior branch were known as "Austria." It was one of the great powers of Europe, though still anything but a nation-state. It was only called Austria by a form of synecdoche, rather as we say England for the United Kingdom. The territories took their name from the dynasty, not the other way around.

When Napoleon kicked away the Holy Roman Empire in 1804, these lands became the "Austrian Empire" almost for want of another name. So it remained until 1867, when it became Austria-Hungary, until it collapsed in 1918. But it was still a dynastic, diplomatic, military concept rather than a country. Its first and most famous statesman was Metternich, who once dismissed Italy as a "geographical expression." Austria was not even that. It included whatever lands the August House happened to be ruling at the time: Belgium in the 18th century, northern Italy in the 19th. Salzburg, which today seems the most "Austrian" of all provinces, was a sovereign state ruled by its own prince-prelate until the Napoleonic wars.

As the curse of nationalism ate into the 19th century, the "Austrians" developed national consciousness, in reaction to Italian and Slav nationalism. But it was a German consciousness. In fact, it is hard to say if the idea of Austrianness, in national rather than political terms, ever existed. In

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At first he claimed his bill bans no guns. Then that it might ban a few. Now he admits it will ban several. In truth, S.465 will outlaw many popular models of legal firearms — over five million firearms in all. That won't sit well with untold millions of sportsmen and Americans who own firearms to protect their homes and families.

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But does S.465 provide for detectability of firearms at airports? No. The "plastic gun" it seeks to ban doesn't exist. And ironically, it provides no strategy for improving security at America's airports.

If you really want to address detectability, call Metzenbaum's bluff. Senator James McClure has a better bill, S.2051, that ensures all firearms will be fully detectable. *Without banning a single legal firearm owned by American citizens.*

I've learned that if you don't respond to lies, people believe them. Don't let a lie become law.

Joe Foss

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the 18th century Mozart called himself a German musician, as Schoenberg—a Viennese Jew—did in the 20th.

For most of the 19th century German nationalism was a liberal cause. Only after Prussia's defeat of Austria in 1866 did Austrian and German nationalism take increasingly illiberal courses. The Hapsburg monarchy was strained to the breaking point. And in Vienna liberalism died. The consequences were bleak. Everyone knows that half of 20th-century culture—Freud, Schoenberg, Wittgenstein, the Secession artists—came from Vienna in the last decades of the old monarchy. But then so did half of 20th-century politics. Four Austrian contemporaries began life as liberals. See what they became: Schönerer the pan-German nationalist, Adler the socialist, Lueger the Christian Socialist and proto-National Socialist, Herzl the Zionist.

Schönerer fought against the Austro-Hungarian monarchy in the name of Greater German nationalism. In 1918 the monarchy fell apart, but it was not succeeded by the "empire of 70 million" that Schönerer had hoped for. The "Austria" created by the victorious Allies of 1918 was an artificial rump—what was left after the rest of old Austria had been carved up on more or less national lines.

Quite apart from Bohemia, ancient "Austrian" provinces were stripped away on national grounds: all of Carniola and much of Carinthia to Yugoslavia, much of Tyrol to Italy. The new republic included Burgenland in the east, which historically is part of Hungary, and Vorarlberg in the west, which is geographically part of Switzerland. This pared down "Austria" was a country with a genuine grievance: alone among the former components of the empire, it was denied self-determination. The Allies would not let these German-speaking provinces join with Germany. They even forbade the new state to call itself "German-Austria," its accurate name.

For 20 years the artificial republic enjoyed an artificial existence, democratic (at least until 1934, when left and right fought each other to exhaustion and left democracy dead) but frustrated. There was no will to resist Hitler when he made his critical move against Austria. Turn-of-the-century Vienna had been a great school of politics, and Hitler was its star pupil. His demagogy, his anti-Semitism, his pan-Germanism were all learned there. To a true pan-German nationalist, an independent "Austria" was intolerable, as Hitler made clear from *Mein Kampf* onward.

TWO THINGS then happened, one unpleasant, one odd. The union of Germany with Austria was a genuine act of self-determination that would have been welcomed by liberals and the left if it had not been for the character of the German regime. What was unpleasant was the intense Austrian enthusiasm for the Anschluss. On March 12, 1938, Hitler was greeted by ecstatic crowds in Vienna, which soon witnessed a spontaneous outburst of Jew-hatred unsurpassed in Germany at the time.

The English diplomat Sir Edward Peck was in Vienna as a student that month and has recalled the hysteria on the streets and in the cafés (he was thrown out of one for not standing at the ninth reprise of "Deutschland über Alles"). He tells a story, which was popular at the time, about Schuschnigg, then Austrian chancellor, being summoned to meet Hitler at Berchtesgaden some weeks before the Anschluss, in the company of Burgomeister Schmitz of Vienna. Schuschnigg doubted the enthusiasm the Germans were supposed to feel for Hitler. They proposed to test it, and when, after they had taken a nap, the train arrived at a town, the chancellor leaned out of the window and gave the Nazi salute, to thunderous cheers. Schmitz snapped at him in Viennese: "You bloody fool, we're still in Salzburg." Sir Edward says that when he recounted this story on his return to Vienna 30 years later, it was "coolly received." Not surprisingly.

What was odd was not the Austrians' behavior, but that of the victorious Allies. During the war—in Moscow in 1943—and after it the Allies chose to consider Austria "Hitler's first victim," despite the evidence to the contrary. Compare the treatment of the two old adversaries after 1945. A Carthaginian peace was imposed on Prussia. It was declared an eternal aggressor and the Prussian state was formally dissolved, while Austria was treated as a liberated nation rather than a conquered one, even though Prussia's record of resistance to Hitler had been a good deal more distinguished than Austria's. As A. J. P. Taylor once put it, Hitler had not only been Austria's greatest gift to the German people but "the triumph of Austrian policy and Austria's revenge for the defeat of 1866. Prussia became the prisoner of Vienna, and the best elements in Prussian society died at the hands of Hitler's hangmen after July 20, 1944." Meantime, National Socialist Party membership was proportionately higher in "Ostmark" (Austria) than the rest of Germany, and Austria provided a disproportionately high number of the Reich's worst criminals.

AND SO after the "liberation" Austria was not expected, as was Germany, to display any penitence, and did not. Sympathetic juries saw that out of 123,000 Austrians tried for wartime crimes, only 13,000 were convicted. Even today the head of the Vienna Gestapo, the head of the Nazi euthanasia program, and the Gauleiter of Tyrol are living quietly in Austria. Negligible compensation was paid to Jewish and non-Jewish victims alike of the Third Reich. The English historian Robert Knight read the postwar Cabinet minutes. The Socialist chancellor, Karl Renner, said that "nobody will understand why every small Jewish merchant is to be compensated"; the trade minister, Eduard Heinl, said that "the Jews' behavior is provocative."

Meanwhile, Austria kept up the pretense that it was a victim. But the lie it has been living since 1945 was partly created by others. A non-country was called back into being and granted absolution. For the second time this false country had a false character put on it: Tyrolese *gemütlich* charm, old-world Viennese gaiety. "Austrianness" was again conjured out of nothing and imposed on the nation, though, as has been sourly said, the only true Austrians had been the Jews of Vienna, who were dispossessed, dead, or dispersed. The conspiracy—unconscious as so many conspiracies are—went so far as to present an

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Austria of dashing aristocratic anti-Nazis; for every person who knows something of the reality of recent Austrian history a million have seen *The Sound of Music*.

Once more Austria was denied the choice of unification with Germany, a choice now further tainted by the years 1938-45. Apart from other reasons, the Allies had an unspoken motive: a truly united Germany is simply too big. It is too big even when reunification is spoken of, as it conventionally is by West German politicians, to mean the joining one fine day of East and West. A couple of years ago an Italian Communist politician said that no one in Europe really wanted to see Germany united. He was slapped down, but he was right: if East and West Germany were united, their 79 million would overshadow their neighbors. With Austria's additional 7.5 million the "Germans" would overwhelm Europe.

Maybe history missed a trick. Austria may not be a geographical or a cultural entity, but it is part of one. There are two Germanys. In the north is the country of Luther and Bismarck, in the south the Catholic, Baroque Germany, which includes Austria as much as Bavaria. It is too late for a thoughtful providence or the victorious Allies to arrange a frontier falling where the natural partition of Germany does, on the Main rather than the Elbe. All the same, Hitler was right in one respect. Austria is not a distinct or a real country. As long as it pretends to be one it will be a problem, for the Austrians and for the rest of us.

GEOFFREY WHEATCROFT

Geoffrey Wheatcroft is a columnist for the *Sunday Telegraph* of London and the author of *The Randlords* (Touchstone).

The father, the son, and the holy politician.

ROBERTSON'S OEDIPUS COMPLEX

BY HENDRIK HERTZBERG

MARION G. "PAT" ROBERTSON does not wish to be known as a former television evangelist, although he is one, because poll data show that the overwhelming majority of American voters regard television evangelism as an unsuitable preparation for the presidency. He wishes to be known as a lawyer, economist, and educator. Most of all, he wishes to be known as a businessman. His argument is that he founded and for 26 years ran a business, the Christian Broadcasting Network, or CBN, which grew from nothing to become the country's fifth-largest cable-TV network, and which, with its various subsidiaries and offshoots, employs 4,000 people and grosses $200 million a year. Therefore Pat Robertson is a businessman. What's wrong with that?

What's wrong with it is that if CBN is a business, then a gigantic fraud has been perpetrated upon tens of thousands of simple Christian folk. Three-quarters or more of the income of CBN is in the form of contributions, mostly small contributions. The lonely, desperate, and pious people who made those contributions did not do so in the belief that they were fattening a business. They thought they were giving to a ministry. They thought (as did the Internal Revenue Service) that it all had something to do with God, Jesus Christ, and the Bible. Now they are being told that the bottom line was—well, the bottom line. This is why Robertson's portrayal of himself as a businessman is not just a matter of exaggeration, like Jimmy Carter's calling himself a nuclear physicist, or of emphasis, like Ronald Reagan's preference for being known as an ex-governor rather than an ex-actor. It's nastier than either of those, not least because it reveals the shepherd's implicit contempt for his flock. The only question is when the lie took place. If Robertson was a businessman at CBN, he was a liar then; if he was an evangelist at CBN, he is a liar now.

The fantasy that Pat Robertson might somehow actually win the Republican nomination for president evaporated in South Carolina on March 5. On Super Tuesday, March 8, the remaining wisps got blown away in a hurricane of votes even prayer could not divert. But the fantasy was still moist and healthy the morning I caught up with the Robertson entourage, at the First Baptist Church, in Dallas. The First Baptist Church is reputed to be the largest Protestant congregation in the world, with 26,000 members; it is certainly one of the richest (H. L. Hunt was a prominent member) and meanest (less than 0.4 percent of its income goes to help the poor). First Baptist has long been a bastion of political and theological reaction. At its private school, founded a generation ago to promote racial segregation, young minds are unsullied by Darwinism, unless it is social.

The pupils of that school got the morning off from classes for a special chapel meeting. Times have changed: a few black faces were among them as they filed into the church, a roomy white interior with red carpets, movie-theater-style red plush seats in the balcony, a terrific sound

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system, and acoustics that magnify applause. The girls wore white shirts, red sweaters, and tartan skirts; the boys, ties of the same tartan. On the stage a pretty senior sang pop-flavored hymns to a rich recorded accompaniment, holding the microphone in her hand as she walked confidently back and forth behind a flower-bedecked pulpit. Then somebody snapped in a cassette of "Strike Up the Band," and everybody rose excitedly, heads craning and hands clapping, as Robertson entered dramatically from the rear and worked his way up the aisle.

Russell Kammerling, chairman of the school's Bible department, introduced the guest speaker. "When God decides to do something really big, he selects out an individual," Kammerling said. "He selected Moses to lead his children out of Israel and David to be king over Israel. He called Jeremiah to call Israel back to repentance and faith in God, Peter to preach Pentecost, and Martin Luther to nail the 95 theses to the wall of Wittenberg castle. . . . And I believe that in these 1980s God separated out a man to keep us steered toward those issues which are of light and truth and good and of eternal significance. I sat in his office two years ago and talked with him then about the potential of his running for president. I'll never forget when he said, 'Russell, the only thing that will get me in the presidential race is a clear word from the Lord that says that's where I am to be.' I believe his announcement is a result of that, and it's a real privilege for me to introduce to you—Pat Robertson!"

THE SMUG SMILE never left Robertson's face as he listened to this amazing recital. He is a chunky man with a large, eerily cubical head, pointy ears, and childlike features. As he speaks, self-satisfaction seems to bubble up in his body, and when it bubbles up to mouth level, his voice gets gurgly with suppressed chuckles and the corners of his mouth stretch out as if his smile was shooting its cuffs. This time, he began by asking the kids to raise their hands if they knew anybody in their age group that uses drugs. Up went a forest of hands.

God, Robertson told the kids, gave man dominion over the animals and the plants. "We have people today who have become slaves to a plant," he went on, warming. "Cannabis is a plant. So-called Mary Jane, marry-wanna, is a plant. People are slaves to a plant! Cocoa, cocaine, the coca plant—people are hooked on a vegetable!"

Up in the balcony, reporters exchanged glances of guilty pleasure. This was the sort of stuff we had come to hear, and it gave promise of more and better to come. Robertson, at this point, had been on almost a gaffe-a-day schedule: the claim that there are still Soviet nuclear missiles in Cuba, the accusation that the George Bush campaign had engineered the Jimmy Swaggart scandal, the assertion that CBN had known the whereabouts of hostages in Beirut. He was due for another.

But he got through his speech and his answers to prescreened questions from students without incident—or almost. The last question was about the Middle East, and he seemed to have finished his answer with a statesman-like conclusion: "The long-range interests of the United States of America should really coincide and track with Israel." Then, however, he got expansive, and added an afterthought: "But I would say this, and I said it to a good friend of mine who is with the AIPAC, which is the Israeli group that pushes for their legislative initiatives: I said, 'I'm for free enterprise. I'm a capitalist. And although I'm with you on these issues, I have no intention of sending American taxpayer money to go to Israel to support a socialist form of government. I want you to move toward free enterprise over there and not the Eastern European liberalism which came with some of your early settlers.' "

This sounded very much like a threat to cut off aid to Israel in the event of a Labor Party victory, the Israeli Labor Party being a member of the Socialist International. It wasn't a full-fledged Robertson gaffe, perhaps, but enough of one, I thought, to set off a minor flap. Alas, it was not to be. The story went nowhere; this was one lump of lead, it turned out, that not even the overwrought alchemy of campaign-trail coverage could turn to gold.

ABOARD Robertson's campaign plane later in the day, I was called to the front for a brief interview with the candidate. The Robertson plane, a British BAC-111, is on the large side for a corporate jet. As befits a plane that supposedly once belonged to Kenny Rogers, it is luxurious, with a large color television set and VCR, stained-wood appointments, mock-gold bathroom fixtures, and oversized seats of dark green crushed velvet.

Robertson had been sounding a conspiratorial, persecutory note of late, with dark references to the Eastern Wall Street foreign policy establishment, and I decided to forgo confrontation and try instead to draw him out on this theme. I asked about the Trilateral Commission and the Foreign Policy Association. "The people at the grass roots don't like illogic, and it seems illogical to spend vast amounts of money on arms while at the same time we're aiding our enemies," Robertson said. "The people can't understand this. The only explanation is that somebody has a financial interest, possibly, that would transcend it, or else a philosophy of one-world government."

There was more in this vein. But the plane hand landed, and an aide fidgeted nearby. I shuffled politely as if to go, but Robertson suddenly wanted to talk about the supposed Cuban missiles, even though I hadn't asked about them. "This Cuban loophole is an incredible gaffe in the drafting of this INF treaty—an incredible gaffe!" he said. "I have committee records from the Internal Security Subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee in 1967 where a State Department employee went over detailed evidence of people who had seen missiles in Cuba in 1967. It's all on the record, and yet somehow we have acted as if none of that material was around when this treaty was drafted. And I have had reports from within the Cabinet of the United States that George Shultz literally bulldozed everybody there. He was so insistent on

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pushing this treaty through that he did it over the vigorous objections of almost everybody that was there!" He added that maybe the Russians didn't take out all the missiles after the 1963 missile crisis, and that in a recent phone-in poll 82 percent of the people who called in said there are missiles in Cuba. "Well, my heavens! Whether they're there or not is not the issue. The issue is, shouldn't a conservative president be saying, 'Wait a minute—let's go down to Cuba and verify'?"

"We've gotta go, guys," said the aide, and we went—Robertson to give another speech, me to reel from the revelation that Robertson's Cuban missile charge is apparently based on a 20-year-old scrap of secondhand testimony before a long since discredited and abolished anti-"subversion" Senate subcommittee, and that anyway, he doesn't think it really matters whether the missiles exist or not.

THERE was never the slightest chance that Pat Robertson would win the Republican nomination for president, and all Super Tuesday did was allow everybody to say so out loud. But if he did less well than his supporters had hoped in the afterglow of Iowa, he has done far better than anyone imagined he could at the outset. There is still an outside chance he will end up brokering the nomination between Bush and Bob Dole. And simply as a character in the picaresque saga of 1988 Robertson remains a fascinating figure—one who, however, is better apprehended by the categories of psychoanalysis than by those of politics or religion.

The story of Pat Robertson's life forms the unmistakable pattern of an Oedipal drama. He is a son who rebelled against his father, fulfilled his mother's dreams, and finally returned by a circuitous route to outdo the father on his own ground.

Robertson is the son of A. Willis Robertson, who was elected a congressman from Virginia in 1932, when Pat was two years old, and a senator in 1946, when Pat was 16. The father's plans for the son were firm: young Pat would go into politics. He guided the boy to the right schools (Washington and Lee, Yale Law), looked after him while he was in the Marines (arranging for him to be in the Korean combat zone without actually being in combat, according to evidence adduced in Robertson's abandoned lawsuit against former Representative Pete McCloskey), got a job for him on the staff of the Senate Appropriations Committee, lined up a Virginia law firm for him, even introduced him to nice, suitably well-connected Baptist girls from the right Tidewater families. On the surface Pat seemed a dutiful enough son, but un-

ROSEY'S PRICE

"Say, 'I am precious. I am valuable,' " Rosey Grier commanded the crowd in Bedford-Stuyvesant last October 1. "Because that really is what it's all about, about you and I taking a stand about what we believe is going to make us a great nation. . . . Each person must make a commitment himself about what he thinks about America and what he will do to make it a great nation."

With that the onetime star football lineman and needlepoint aficionado introduced Pat Robertson (whom he called "Robinson" before correcting himself), and Robertson kicked off his presidential campaign.

How precious? How valuable? The next day Robertson's campaign committee gave Grier a check for $3,000, which it termed an honorarium in its report to the Federal Election Commission. Not long after this, another wax museum figure in the history of American leisure, former teen heartthrob turned gospel singer Pat Boone, also made an appearance for Robertson. Though he is nowhere near as big as Grier physically, Boone got an honorarium of $5,000—$2,000 more.

Along with detection devices for missiles and hostages, paying for celebrity endorsements is another creative assault the Robertson campaign has launched on politics-as-usual this election season. Under the ancien régime, endorsements came free. At most the celeb would demand first-class airfare and carved radishes in his hotel room. The endorsement allowed a campaign to get exposure that it wouldn't otherwise get without spending a lot of money. Meanwhile, endorsing candidates allowed Paul Newman and Shelley Duvall to get taken more seriously by re-contextualizing themselves, which was thought to be compensation enough.

Grier, too. Quadrennially the Western political world held its breath waiting for Rosey to endorse. In 1968, it was Bobby Kennedy; 1976, Jimmy Carter; 1980, Teddy Kennedy; 1984, Ronald Reagan, after considering Jesse Jackson. Apparently, though, he has never gotten paid for it. In *Rosey, an Autobiography: The Gentle Giant*, Grier says simply, "I continued steadfast in my refusal to support anyone before I talked with him or her personally."

Michael Waldman, legislative director for Public Citizen's Congress Watch, notes, "Preacher-bribing is a longtime practice in a lot of rural areas, and 'walking around' money has often been the way you ensure the loyalty of urban bosses, but a presidential candidate? They must be really hard up for someone to stand with the candidate." Jon Potter, a New York fund-raiser, says, "That looks lousy. The least you can do is get Stuart Karl to pay for it for you," a reference to the Hollywood mogul who picked up some of Gary Hart's expenses.

The Robertson people may regret the payments, if only because any day now the campaign is likely to break the $27.66 million limit on spending that it agreed to abide by when it accepted federal matching funds. Or maybe, given Robertson's recent results, they will regret that they didn't go all the way and shell out $5 million for Michael Jackson.

PHILIP WEISS

Philip Weiss writes often for TNR and more lucrative publications.

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derneath he was in fitful, rebellious agony. One by one, he thwarted his father's plans for him. He got a girl pregnant—a Catholic girl, no less—and married her in her seventh month. He flunked the bar exam. He moved to New York and went into business in a firm making audio components. He drank, swore, played poker, and, as he once told a *Washington Post* interviewer, spent his evenings in "upholstered sewers called nightclubs." He was drifting and depressed.

The keynote of Robertson's father's life was right-wing politics; of his mother's, fundamentalist religion. As she grew older, Gladys Churchill Robertson gradually withdrew from the society of her husband and his political friends, becoming, in the words of one family chronicler, "a religious recluse." It was she who, in 1958, introduced her son to the man who converted him to born-again, speaking-in-tongues, charismatic Christianity, a Dutch evangelist named Cornelius Vanderbreggen. And it was she, a year later, who told him about a bankrupt UHF television station in Portsmouth, Virginia, that could be had for $37,000. Two years later he was on the air and on his way.

Robertson had found a heavenly Father powerful enough to sanction rebellion against his earthly one, and awesome enough to win him the place of honor in his mother's heart. "No longer did I remember I was the son of a senator," Robertson wrote in his autobiography, *Shout It From the Housetops*, published in 1972, the year after his father's death. "I was the son of the King." Furthermore: "I knew this was mother's dream, to evangelize the world for Jesus. And suddenly it became my vision, too."

The Oedipal drama reached a climax in 1966. Senator Robertson faced a hard fight for renomination. He turned for help to Pat, who by this time was a locally prominent TV evangelist with a following big enough to count. Pat refused—on orders from God, who said to him, according to a passage excised from the latest edition of the autobiography, "I have called you to my ministry. You cannot tie my eternal purposes to any political candidate." Senator Robertson lost by a narrow margin. Now his son is a candidate for president, assured of a place in the political history of the United States far beyond his father's.

In our interview on the plane, Robertson offered a thought about his father: "I've found, interestingly enough, that although I had never heard or read what he had said on certain issues, I've made speeches in which my words are almost the same as some of the things he was saying 20 and 30 years ago."

PAT ROBERTSON hears a voice. Sometimes the voice is in his heart, sometimes it is plainly audible to him—"level and conversational," he once wrote. This voice, he has said many times, is the voice of God.

When God speaks to Robertson, his words make up in specificity what they lack in majesty:

"Congress is going to pass a bill requiring all television stations to be equipped with UHF." This in 1959, when Robertson was contemplating buying his first station.

"Don't fire Jim Bakker." This in 1965, when the boyish star of a CBN puppet show had gone AWOL from work.

"Don't go over two-and-a-half million dollars." This in 1969, when Robertson was negotiating the purchase of some electronic gear.

"I have something else for you to do. I want you to run for president." This in 1987, when Robertson was exploring his political options.

These dicta may seem rather mundane to have been uttered by the Creator of the Universe—even if, as the saying goes, God is in the details. But God also speaks to Robertson about more consequential matters, such as the end of the world. One intelligent examination of Robertson's views on the apocalypse came on a recent edition of the CBS program "West 57th," on which Meredith Vieira interviewed a former CBN producer named Gerard Thomas Straub. In 1969, Straub told Vieira, Robertson "received a prophesy that said that he was chosen to usher in the Second Coming of Jesus. We actually had plans made on how to televise the Second Coming, as incredible as that may seem. That's why we had a television station in Jerusalem. They were convinced the Second Coming would happen there. His whole ministry was pointing toward a message that Armageddon was going to happen, and when it failed to materialize as he predicted, in 1982, I think he began to suddenly realize, or refocus his energies to realizing, that the way this was going to happen was through the political process."

Vieira asked the Rev. Warner Dunlap, the pastor of the church where Robertson was ordained, whether the thought of Robertson with his finger on the nuclear button worried him. "Absolutely," Dunlap replied. "A person who was functioning totally with an apocalyptic view of history would have less restraint on the button than someone who was not apocalyptic in his view of history."

"Why?"

"That could be perceived as a way of assisting God in bringing about what God had intended."

Robertson dismisses Straub as a disgruntled former employee. But the public record of Robertson's predictions of apocalypse is ample, and the relevance of that record to any consideration of how Robertson might behave as president seems too obvious to argue. As an evangelist, he said repeatedly that Armageddon would come during his lifetime, and that it would begin with a war in the Middle East. If he believed this then and believes it now, he is plainly too dangerous to be allowed anywhere near the nuclear button. If he believed it then but does not believe it now, he is guilty of a flip-flop on a cosmic scale. And if he believed it neither then nor now, he truly is Elmer Gantry.

IN 1958, enraptured by his conversion, Robertson suddenly announced to his wife, Dede, that the voice of God had told him to go off to the Canadian woods to meditate. She was almost destitute, she had a toddler at home, she was eight months pregnant with their second child, and

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she was frightened. "I'm a nurse," she pleaded, according to Robertson's own account. "I recognize schizoid tendencies when I see them, and I think you're sick."

Thirty years later, Dede Robertson too has become a born-again, Spirit-filled Christian, campaigning at her husband's side. But the voice in Pat Robertson's ear has not stilled. What are we to make of it? On the general subject of voices, a psychoanalyst friend, Dr. Peter Mezan, tells me, "Auditory hallucinations—particularly of a command variety, which is to say voices telling one to do things—are certainly a primary symptom of schizophrenia. They're not specific for schizophrenia, they are also typical of many forms of psychosis. But they are certainly one of the things that you would see in an acute schizophrenic episode."

That is secular humanism talking. There are other explanations of such phenomena, as Dr. Mezan points out. "Of course," he says, "auditory hallucinations may be divinely inspired and given. They may be symptoms of sainthood as well. But how is anybody supposed to know?" There is always the possibility that Pat Robertson really is divinely inspired. But if God is Robertson's campaign manager, then he is, as Super Tuesday showed, far from Almighty.

Whatever happened to a dignified old age?

TALKIN' 'BOUT MY GENERATION

BY HENRY FAIRLIE

THIRTY PERCENT of the annual federal budget now goes to expenditures on people over the age of 65. Forty years from now, if the present array of programs and benefits is maintained, almost two-thirds of the budget will go to supporting and cosseting the old. Something is wrong with a society that is willing to drain itself to foster such an unproductive section of its population, one that does not even promise (as children do) one day to be productive.

It is always difficult to question the programs for the aging because of an understandable if increasingly misdirected sympathy for them. In addition to the widespread feeling that they have earned their reward here on earth (and need not wait until they get to heaven, as the old used to expect), there is our contemporary guilt about them—and our fear. Americans still do not accept aging, dying, and death from old age itself as part of living. Of course there are the needy, the infirm, the helpless, for whom society should care. But when the old people's lobbies rally their considerable resources for a ferocious fight to protect Medicare, or to oppose a cut in the cost-of-living adjustments (COLAs) to Social Security, they are not speaking only for the needy. They are arguing for the perpetuation of a massive entitlements system for anyone and everyone over 65.

Glance through the advertisements in *Modern Maturity*, the fat, glossy magazine published by the American Association of Retired Persons—one of America's most powerful lobbies. You can be tempted by the Florida country clubs: "RETIRE IN STYLE TO FORT MYERS, FLORIDA!! . . . the New Pine Lakes Country Club. Imagine . . . acres of lakes, 18-hole golf course, tennis, heated pool, a lakeside jacuzzi, 24-hour manned security, and an unbelievable clubhouse!" Not far away the Del Tura Country Club "features Florida's finest ($3.5 million) executive golf course and clubhouse complex." Or you can buy your own ranch on the Forbes Wagon Creek Ranch in the Sangre de Cristo mountains. If all this palls, you can take a Holland America Line Alaska Cruise, with "gourmet meals, sparkling entertainment, first-class service, swimming pools, tennis courts, casinos, and million-dollar art collections." But turn the pages and, perhaps most remarkable of all, the AARP's own Travel Service offers cruises or tours to Alaska, "North to the Future." From all of this, go back to the sheaf of question-and-answer sheets setting out the AARP's arguments for almost every proposed government expenditure on the old. Something jars.

The old people's lobbying groups have proliferated in recent years. The Leadership Council of Aging Organizations (surely they do not mean "aging organizations"; if they do, one could suggest some candidates) lists 29 such groups, starting, alphabetically, with the American Association for International Aging. They range from Catholic Golden Age to the scholarly sounding Gerontology Society of America, to the once slightly notorious Gray Panthers (senior citizen urban guerrillas), to the National Association of State Units on Aging, to the United Auto Workers/Retired Members. Anyone who knows the first thing about office rentals in Washington must be impressed by the addresses of some of these groups—not least on K Street, the capital's upscale strip for the suites of the powerful industrial and commercial lobbyists.

These groups are strong because no one, especially in election years—and it is always election year in Ameri-

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ca—dares to say a word that might offend the supposedly meek, ailing, frail, and deserving gray heads. The old have been set beside motherhood and apple pie. Yet meekness is hardly an attribute of the old in their new incarnation. And in some cases they don't even need one of the established lobbying groups to press their case before a credulous public. The notch babies, whom Timothy Noah rightly described in these pages as "spiteful, single-minded, and, to the uninitiated, deeply baffling—a parody of a special interest group" ("Notch Babies," December 1, 1986), reveal the lengths to which some of the elderly now feel entitled to go in claiming benefits that aren't rightly theirs. The notch babies are the unpleasantly angry bunch of people born between 1917 and 1921 who have convinced themselves that they are being cheated out of their rightful COLA benefits.

In fact, the AARP and most of the other groups have criticized the notch babies' claims. All the same, it is the general propaganda on behalf of the old, much of it "fired by greed, not fairness," as the *New York Times* said of the notch babies, that nurtures the clamoring and hysteria. It took only one letter to Dear Abby in 1983, and her endorsement of it (which she later partially retracted), to raise a storm on behalf of the notch babies that swept some members of Congress off their feet.

We should not let ourselves be peppered by the old people's organizations. Their hero, Representative Claude Pepper, is not an amiable soul caring for the downtrodden old. He is a shrewd, ambitious politician who, as the *Almanac for American Politics* puts it, was "floundering about, looking for a major cause." As a member and then chairman of the Select Committee on the Aging, he found one that provided a "good match of convictions and position," especially for a congressman who represents the 18th District of Florida (most of the city of Miami, all of Miami Beach, Bal Harbor, and Key Biscayne), where 30 percent of the adults are 65 and over. It can be said confidently that a substantial majority of those, as in the rest of Florida, do not need such extensive benefits or so many free services.

NOT SURPRISINGLY, over the past 30 years the elderly's standard of living has improved faster than that of younger people. Quite apart from the significant increase in Social Security benefits and their protection from erosion by inflation, the Supplemental Security Income in effect guarantees them a minimum income; national health insurance is provided through Medicare; and special tax privileges protect their assets in retirement. They even receive discounts on movie and bus tickets, and much more. All of these entitlements are available to the elderly regardless of need. And while claiming that their own benefits are beyond challenge, locally the old organize to oppose tax hikes to pay for school bonds and other desirable social policies.

The history of the Older Americans Act is instructive. This simple bill authorizing funds to state agencies for a few supportive and nutritional services was passed on the heels of Medicare in 1965. When Congress extended it for another four years in 1987 (a preface to the election), the services were generously expanded. The bill is still primarily addressed to the needy old, but within it are explicit assumptions that show how its provisions can be expanded. Take the definition of "elder abuse." When we hear of "child abuse," we think specifically of certain intolerable offenses: beatings and sexual molestations. However, in many state laws the definition of "elder abuse" is so wide as to include forms of neglect that may not be neglect at all—merely leaving the old to do for themselves what they wish to do, however slowly. This is only "abuse" in the eyes of the social workers and old people's organizations, who must justify their activities and funding.

MY OWN AGE gives me some standing in this matter. As I approach the arbitrary line of 65, which of course I do not consider aged, my first savoring of growing old seems to promise a time of great richness, contemplation, and absorbing interest. One not only has the years ahead, but begins to recapture the whole of one's life, in ways for which even one's middle years are unequipped. But most obviously it is less costly; one simply does not need so much. One's children are grown up and earning; one's grandchildren provide pleasure without much responsibility; mortgages are often paid off; and one need scarcely add to one's wardrobe. One is more content with simple fare in everything. It is less urgent to look for friends; one already has them, and new ones, often the young, keep turning up. In growing old, one has a stocked attic in which to rummage, and the still passing show and pageant of human life to observe, not only at a more leisurely pace, but with the convincing satisfaction and interest of having lived through many of the changes, even from their beginnings, that have brought us from there to here.

The elderly among whom I was raised did not withdraw. They may have retired from their jobs, but then they usually stayed where they were, assuming the responsibilities of a grandparent, and advising and encouraging the other young people they knew in the neighborhood. They also naturally assumed, not least in the working class and mainstream middle class, positions of leadership in the organizations, including the churches, that hold society together, so taking some of the pressure off the middle-aged and producers. They brought to them the wisdom of experience, and an unruffled, almost bustling, way of dealing with a crisis or emergency, because they had been through so many before. If I look back amazed at the time my elders found for me, then I also realize that they were not altogether selfless. I brought them news, kept them in touch, just as they brought me the otherwise inaccessible news from the immediate past. If this two-way transmission ceases, both the young and the elderly suffer.

But suppose the old, encouraged by federal programs, siphon themselves off to places where they congregate only with other aging people. A few years ago, when I traveled around the country for five months with a com-

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panion almost a third of my age as my driver, I bought a 338-page book called *Sunbelt Retirement: The Complete State Guide to Retiring in the South and West of the United States*. Partly guided by it, I went to see some of the retirement communities, resorts, call them what one wishes. Some of them, of course, are for the rich. La Jolla, just north of San Diego, had a population of 30,000 when I was there; it also had 400 doctors. One doctor for every 75 people who anyhow are about to be called to Abraham's bosom—cite that ratio in any inner city or small town in rural America, or even in the suburbs, where the middle-aged are terrified of the possible cost of medical care for their families. And how many of those doctors catering to the old are psychiatrists, therapists, and cosmeticians? (When I was in the hospital not long ago, the nurses told me that the medical care for many elderly patients was really cosmetic, to disguise the natural process of aging.) If one needs a psychiatrist by the time one is 65, one should take the quick way out—make a swallow dive from a high bridge to the tarmac, and go to meet the Great Therapist in the Sky.

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Yet it is not the rich communities that are most alarming. The vast industry of "Sunbelt Retirement" is not built on the rich. It is built on federal programs for the elderly. (And of course even those doctors in La Jolla are sustained largely by Medicare.) Most of the communities composed solely of the old are for the retired mainstream Middle Americans from the Northeast and Midwest. These are not people who have accumulated exorbitant personal assets. As soon as I reached Arizona, I realized that the Southwest is living off, and ripping off, the very "government in Washington" that it always criticizes for taxing people too much for giveaway programs to the undeserving. Huge federal subsidies to the retirement industry have replaced the military establishments, defense industries, water subsidies, and the rest that have hitherto sustained the West.

All the way from the Pacific to the Atlantic you can see the old lined up in banks, feeding into their accounts the checks from a range of federal agencies. The pensions and other benefits from the Veterans Administration alone are not only generous but cumulatively indefensible, since the average age of today's 27 million living veterans is 62. Every month government benefits to 91 percent of those over the age of 65 total $13.6 billion; the $50 billion per year spent on medical care for the old when Reagan took office is expected to be four times as large 12 years from now. Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan has dryly observed that the United States may be "the first society in history in which a person is more likely to be poor if young rather than old." Moynihan's point applies even to children, 20 percent of whom live in poverty, compared with 14 percent of the elderly. It is not something to be proud of. This coddling is not how the elderly are meant or should expect to live.

The pampered ones, increasingly numerous, are rather pathetic to observe, some riding around in golf carts even on the streets, instead of taking an invigorating walk—what used to be called a "constitutional." These are not the infirm, only the naturally aging. There are no young where they live, no children, no bawling infants, no working, productive men or women. These communities frequently advertise the fact that they are "adults-only." They live with reflections of themselves. They are set apart, no longer of a piece with any larger society, with no obligations. Everything is provided. For the first time in their lives, in effect, they have servants. In vast Sun City outside Phoenix, which you reach by driving through the barrios, the legal and illegal Mexican immigrants attend to the needs of these white elders. Although they are tanned and imagine they are active, following their balls on the championship course in their carts, they in fact move as if in a mindless soft-shoe shuffle.

Of course there are millions of old people who do not live like this. Although the median income for people over 65 is now $22,000—a high figure for those who have few large purchases to make—there are still the third of the elderly blacks who live on less than $5,300. *That* is need. But the

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prominence of the resorts draws attention to the changed expectations of old age, among the elderly themselves, ourselves, and the society as a whole. And as in other areas, when such new expectations get lodged they take root, burgeon, and are hard to uproot, especially if they are stimulated and supported by programs that develop their own entrenched life. For it is a question not only of government, but as the gerontologist Carroll Estes has said, of "the aging establishment . . . the congeries of programs, organizations, bureaucracies, . . . providers, industries, and professionals that serve the old in one capacity or another." Even if an organization like the National Council of Senior Citizens concentrates on assisting the needy and helpless, it is trapped into supporting the fat in the entitlement programs that goes to those who are not the deserving poor.

The mischief must be halted and reversed, and not least in the interest of the elderly. For one thing, there is likely to be a revolt of the working members of society when the huge baby-boom generation reaches retirement age. And as the population comes to include ever-growing numbers of young Mexicans, Central Americans, South Americans, and Asians, they too are likely to rebel, especially since their own (nuclear *and* extended) families assume so many of the traditional responsibilities of caring for the old, even in their new environment. Why should they work to indulge the white elders so generously? The old might heed another of Moynihan's predictions: that quite early in the new century the American people will be markedly brown, Spanish-speaking, young, and Catholic.

Old age must be redefined, with the majority of benefits going only to the needy. We probably will have to make stern decisions. With the increasing number of people living beyond 85, we may even have to decide that today's costly medical technologies, such as transplants, should not be provided to truly elderly people. Early retirement, especially to a self-centered and soft existence, must be discouraged. Perhaps above all, we must shake off the peculiar notion, of only recent growth, that old age is a time in which people are entitled to be rewarded for no more than performing the accepted tasks of life, or fighting in the Second World War, as many of today's elderly bleat; that if they raise a family and contribute to society by working, then when they cease to be productive they have a right to live off the still-producing like the grasshopper in the fable; that because their needs diminish, their expectations are entitled to rise.

The old people's organizations sometimes work along these lines, as in resisting mandatory early retirement. Some have started and encouraged programs to stimulate the elderly to become productive again and remain an organic part of their society, such as working in schools as volunteers, or in special programs out of school; and of course old people are precisely those who should be well equipped to counter the basic illiteracy of even affluent children in the suburbs, the ignorance of any cultural heritage, and the decay of manners. But these efforts are marginal and sporadic, and are as nothing to the energy the lobby musters to protect the benefits for an entire class.

Meanwhile, by failing to define old age in a more limited way, by discouraging the elderly from remaining in their society, we are building a system of care that has one critical flaw. The sweeping claim of entitlements is the bubble in the whole glass house of federal assistance to the old that will eventually shatter it.

How it would wreck the country.

GEPHARDTNOMICS

BY PAUL KRUGMAN

REPRESENTATIVE Richard Gephardt, to give him his due, is the only presidential candidate of either party whose campaign is based on specific policy proposals. The pundits have been demanding "substance," and only Gephardt has really given it to us. Beyond all the talk of "flip-flops," he deserves to have his proposals taken seriously. What is he saying, why is it wrong (for it is indeed wrong), and what would happen if his program were implemented?

Gephardt is best known for his get-tough posture on trade. His rhetoric—harsh words blaming foreigners for our economic ills—is backed up with a specific proposal, the Gephardt amendment. Every candidate has said that unfair foreign competition is a problem, but Gephardt has charged that foreigners are stealing our livelihood. When we bought our VCRs from Japan, "we all paid twice. You and I paid the price to buy the product at the store, and our country paid the cost of lost jobs for our workers—because not one single U.S. company has ever made a single VCR." No subtlety here. No complex argument about strategic industries or technological innovation. Gephardt is willing

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to "boil it all down to just one four-letter word: J-O-B-S."

He specifically asserts that 2.5 million jobs have been lost, although he fudges. The usual phrasing is "2.5 million jobs lost in part because other countries are stopping us from selling our products in their markets." In op-ed pieces he has written of "up to one million" jobs lost because of foreign trade practices. Gephardt has repeatedly conceded that only 15 percent of the trade deficit can be attributed to unfair foreign practices. Thus his rhetoric blames our problems on unfair foreigners, while the fine print assigns them a minor role.

The Gephardt amendment itself also has it both ways. Any country whose exports to the United States are more than 75 percent greater than its imports from the United States would be placed on a list of "excessive surplus countries." The amendment seems to presume that a large bilateral trade surplus is evidence of foul play. (Since overall U.S. imports exceeded overall U.S. exports by 65 percent last year, virtually any country running an above-average trade surplus with the United States would be an "excessive surplus country.") However, there is an escape clause: the U.S. trade representative would have to ascertain "whether the surplus is the result of unfair trade practices." Only if the surplus is found to be "unwarranted" does the act impose its highly publicized penalties until the offending country mends its ways. And the president can waive the penalties if a country has a debt problem or if he declares retaliation to be against the national interest.

Like his trade rhetoric, then, Gephardt's legislative proposal sounds tougher than it is. But it represents a significant change in tone, essentially substituting a presumption of guilt for a presumption of innocence on the part of foreign governments. And as with the speeches, it may be the tone rather than the content that is crucial.

GEPHARDT IS responding to a real grievance: the stagnation of living standards in the United States over the past 15 years. Median family income peaked in 1973; since then the average American family has seen better and worse times, but none of the steady rise in welfare that characterized the 1950s and 1960s. And when the average is stagnant, there are bound to be many who are actually worse off. In the 1980s the losers have been concentrated in the American heartland, among farmers and industrial workers. Many Americans have suffered economically, and many of those have been hurt by foreign competition.

But nobody has ever denied that foreign competition can hurt some of the people some of the time. The implication of Gephardt's position is that foreign competition has hurt *most* of the people, systematically—and that the competition is unfair. So we need to ask: Has the country as a whole suffered from foreign competition, and how much of the competition is unfair?

As recently as 1981 the United States ran a small surplus on its current account (a broad measure of trade that takes into account service trade as well as merchandise), and a surplus in manufactures. So in 1981 the United States could not easily complain that it was unfairly losing jobs to foreign competition (unless we feel that we have the right to run trade surpluses but other countries do not).

When Gephardt asserts that the United States has lost 2.5 million jobs to foreign competition, then he must mean that we have lost 2.5 million jobs to foreigners since 1981. And at this point he runs into two awkward facts: the U.S. share of world employment has been rising, not falling, since 1981, and we couldn't fill 2.5 million extra jobs if we were offered them.

In 1981 the United States had an unemployment rate of 7.5 percent. Total employment has increased 13 percent since then, and the unemployment rate has fallen to 5.7 percent. In every other major country except Great Britain, unemployment rose over the same period. If foreigners were taking away our jobs they were remarkably careless thieves, because they seem to have lost them on the way home.

IN 1987 the United States had about 7.5 million unemployed workers, for an overall unemployment rate of six percent. If a third of them would have been employed but for unfair foreign competition, the unemployment rate would have been only four percent. Nobody believes that today's economy can run at four percent unemployment without severe inflationary pressures. When unemployment falls below five to six percent, the remainder are unemployed for reasons that have little to do with overall demand for U.S. products. They lack vital skills, are secondary workers who are unemployed in between jobs, and so on. In other words, right now the country has about as many people employed as it can without risking an inflationary surge. This is a shame, and someday we will have a government that is willing to tackle the problem of structurally high unemployment. But trade policy has nothing to do with it.

The claim that the United States is millions of jobs poorer because of foreign competition, then, is just not right. Indeed, such claims are rarely right. Countries seldom find their employment undermined by foreign competition. If a country can't sell enough on world markets to pay for its imports, its currency normally drops in value until its products find markets. Now, this may seem a strange assertion to make for the United States in 1988. After all, didn't the dollar keep rising for five years despite a massive trade deficit? And worse yet for the conventional wisdom, hasn't the fall in the dollar failed to turn the trade deficit around?

The explanation is that, despite the trade deficit, the United States actually has been selling as much as it buys on world markets since 1981. We've been buying VCRs and BMWs; we've been selling IOUs. The country went on a huge borrowing spree under the Reagan administration and "sold" huge claims on its future. Inevitably, in selling all this debt to foreigners, we had to balance our accounts by a combination of buying more and selling less of other things.

The trade deficit is finally turning around, but with agonizing slowness. As proof of unfair foreign practices

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Gephardt and others have offered the persistence of the deficit despite the weaker dollar. This brings us to the next question: How serious are these foreign practices? A key part of the Gephardt message is that American failures in international competition are the result not of inadequate performance by U.S. firms or workers, but a mysterious failure of will on the part of the "insiders." We lost markets because foreigners don't play fair, and we let them get away with it. The United States is, as Gephardt wrote in *USA Today*, "the world's trade patsy."

OF COURSE, governments do interfere with trade in an effort to give national producers an advantage over their foreign rivals. The United States is not exactly innocent: a 25 percent tariff protects our truck industry. An import quota allows our sugar producers to sell their output for prices sometimes more than five times world levels. Arguably, other countries do worse. The question is how important these unfair practices are in causing America's economic problems.

Gephardt's own position papers eventually concede the standard estimate that 15 percent of the U.S. trade deficit results from unfair foreign trade practices. This figure is what U.S. trade officials estimate would be the increase in exports if they could get their whole wish list of measures to open foreign markets—assuming that the exchange rate remains constant. But if the United States got its wish list, the increase in exports would lead to a stronger dollar, which would hurt other exports and encourage imports, so overall the effect on the trade balance would probably be virtually zero.

Despite the tales, often true, of how hard it is to sell in Japan or Korea, not much of the trade deficit with these countries can be attributed to our lack of market access. Consider Japan. We export about 20 cents of manufactures to Japan for every dollar of imports. It is natural to attribute this to the unwillingness of Japan to open its markets. Yet the U.S. position in manufactures trade with West Germany, which imports seven times as many manufactures relative to GNP as Japan, is not that much better: 40 cents of exports per dollar of imports. So even if Japan were as open to U.S. goods as Germany (which would mean not just the removal of legal import barriers but the breakup of that country's cartelized marketing and distribution system), we would still have a huge trade imbalance.

The reason is not mysterious. Both Germany and Japan are resource-poor countries that must run large trade surpluses in manufactures to pay for their imports of food and fuel. This means that they naturally run large surpluses with better-endowed manufacturing nations, such as the United States, while running large deficits with resource-rich areas, such as OPEC. When the United States is not running up debt to finance a consumption boom, it has the converse trade pattern: deficits with other manufacturing nations, surpluses with resource-supplying and manufacture-importing countries. Unfortunately, the U.S. binge since 1981 has widened our deficits and eliminated our surpluses—but the willingness of foreigners to extend us credit is not what most people mean by an unfair trading practice.

The slowness of the trade turnaround with the falling dollar has been a surprise and an embarrassment to economists. But the explanation can't be a lack of access to foreign markets—because the bad news on trade has been coming from imports, not exports. The fall in the dollar has produced exactly the kind of export surge that standard economic analysis predicts. From the end of 1986 to the end of 1987 exports grew by a fifth—six times as fast as GNP. What kept the trade deficit high was that imports kept rising. Why? Foreign firms clung on tenaciously to the U.S. market even at a loss (probably because they are not convinced the weak dollar is here to stay). U.S. consumers have been unwilling to stop buying foreign goods even when their prices do increase. Economists disagree on whether the persistence of high imports is only temporary or whether the dollar will need to fall still lower. But whatever the solution to the import puzzle, it has nothing to do with the lack of U.S. access to foreign markets.

RICHARD GEPHARDT vehemently denies that he is a protectionist. His aim is supposed to be opening foreign markets, not closing U.S. markets. Nonetheless, he is operationally a protectionist. His program inevitably will lead to invoking the sanctions he claims are only bargaining chips. As Gephardt himself admits when pressed, foreign markets just cannot be opened enough to satisfy the demands of the Gephardt amendment, since lack of access to foreign markets is not the major source of U.S. trade imbalances. Even if "excessive surplus" countries gave us everything we wanted, they would not reduce their surpluses by much. And anyway we are not going to get everything we want. Other countries have their own politics, their own protectionist pressures, and their own politicians who blame their problems on foreigners. Pressure does work, if the demands the United States makes are politically feasible. But a demand that countries radically transform their trade policies within six months, under threat of U.S. retaliation, is far more likely to get our trading partners' backs up and lead to a trade war than to get the results we want.

In practice the threat of retaliatory sanctions would inevitably fail, and we either would have to back down or go through with the retaliation. And what's wrong with that? Gephardt's political success shows that Americans aren't convinced that protectionism is such a bad thing. It is.

The costs of a protectionist turn for the United States are of three sorts. First, there are unilateral costs: protectionist policies will hurt the economy even if foreigners do nothing in retaliation. Second, there are the costs of trade war, as other nations retaliate. And third, there are the political costs as we and our erstwhile allies become locked in economic conflict.

At first blush it seems obvious that if other countries don't open their markets to us, we shouldn't open our markets to them. Leaving on one side the question of how unfair foreigners really are, this is still dead wrong. As the 19th-century economist Bastiat put it, this is like saying

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that if other countries have rocky coasts, we must block up our own harbors. We would have more trade and more benefits from trade if other countries opened their markets fully. But we still gain from the trade we have, and are punishing ourselves if we cut it off.

The costs of protection to an economy—whatever foreigners are doing—are multiple. Trade allows a country to produce goods at which its workers are relatively efficient or that use its relatively abundant resources, export these goods, and import other goods for which it has no such advantage. Protection denies a country the chance to benefit from the fact that other countries are different.

Protection also fragments markets. Instead of concentrating on certain products and benefiting from economies of scale, a protectionist country tries to produce a little bit of everything—which it does less efficiently. Even the United States, the world's largest economy, both exports and imports many goods whose production demands a global market to achieve efficient production runs.

Finally, protection increases monopoly power. It allows domestic firms and unions to stop worrying about foreign competitors and go back to the business of exploiting domestic consumers. This is not just a struggle over the distribution of income; competition makes firms more efficient.

So protection is costly even if other countries do not change their own policies in response. But they will. If the United States turns protectionist, expect other countries to follow suit, in emulation if not in retaliation. The European Economic Community is nearly as large and self-sufficient as the United States. If we think that we can bully them without fear of retaliation, we have a nasty lesson in the limits of American power awaiting us. If unilateral protectionism turns into a global trade war, the costs will be greatly increased. Some countries will be hurt more than others—a world trade war will hurt Japan worse than Europe or America, and might be devastating to some less developed countries—but there will be no winners.

Then there is the political issue. Today's international trading system was created at the same time as the Western alliance, and not accidentally. Political alliance doesn't require amicable commerce, but it helps. Gephardt is fond of emphasizing the need for economic as well as military security. But how secure would we be if we and our military allies are locked into a trade war?

TRADE ISN'T the whole Gephardt program. Gephardt's other foray into populist terrain is the Harkin-Gephardt Family Farm Act, a remarkably irresponsible bill that hasn't received the unfavorable publicity it deserves. If Gephardt's trade position is more radical in tone than in substance, his position on agriculture is the reverse. The Harkin-Gephardt bill calls for a system of high price supports backed by marketing quotas. If you want to understand the system, think of New York taxis: the government will guarantee high prices to farmers, and prevent an oversupply by issuing licenses. Farmers would be forbidden to sell their crops without a license.

Gephardt's program would cut government outlays only by imposing an even larger hidden tax on the general public in the form of higher food prices. Moreover, given Gephardt's ostensible concern about the trade deficit, the way his farm program ignores foreign trade is remarkable. This country exports about a third of its agricultural output. A government program that raises U.S. prices above world levels will destroy our exports and produce a rush of imports. The more we restrict production and raise prices, the worse our trade balance will get.

The bill contains language about demanding that foreign countries open their markets and stop subsidizing their exports, but this is the same kind of wishful thinking that is in Gephardt's trade proposals: it is wildly unrealistic to imagine that we could get concessions large enough to do the job. In fact, by restricting our own production, we will make foreign subsidy programs a lot cheaper. Recent cuts in farm support prices, combined with the drop in the dollar, have plunged Europe's agricultural export subsidy program into crisis. European bureaucrats would breathe a sigh of relief if the United States jacked up prices and restricted output.

Production quotas can only work if they are backed up with import quotas and export subsidies of our own. Forget about the supposed budget savings: the inevitable export subsidy war with Europe will eat them all, and then some.

The style of Gephardt's farm program is essentially the same as that of his trade approach: find a group of aggrieved Americans; tell them that you have a program to solve their problems; and pretend that other Americans don't have to pay for it. The difference is that even Gephardt cannot claim that getting tough with foreigners will raise farm incomes very much, so the rhetoric relies on the public not noticing that higher prices for producers also mean higher prices for consumers.

THE UNITED STATES has two really serious economic problems: extremely low productivity growth, which means that we cannot afford a rising standard of living, and a growing tendency to live beyond our means, which is reflected in the lowest national savings rate of any major nation and spills over into our trade deficit. Compared with these issues, the problem of unfair foreign competition that is the centerpiece of Gephardt's campaign is a minor irritant. Yet Gephardt, the man of concrete, "tough" proposals, has no serious proposal to address these truly urgent issues.

Ultimately, that's what is most disturbing about Gephardt's rise. It shows that the electorate is still in the market for snake oil salesmen. In 1980, faced with stagnant productivity and inadequate savings, the country turned to the feel-good promises of the supply-siders. Now productivity growth is no better, and savings are even lower. And the electorate is tempted once again by feel-good promises. Gephardt is telling us that all that we need to do is act tough: stand up to the foreigners, eyeball to eyeball, and all our problems will go away. This is wrong (and Gephardt probably knows it is wrong). Worse, it is childish and irresponsible. Sad to say, it sells. □

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Suspense and Less Suspense

The House on Carroll Street stands out among recent thrillers chiefly because of its subject. It's not one more variation on the haunted house or the perfect heist or a struggle for domination of the entire universe. It tackles an infrequently regarded, grim subject: the United States' importation of German scientists after World War II, an action carried out with wartime secrecy. This action, spurred by fear of Soviet scientific advances and by our need to keep abreast, or ahead, was one more triumph of practicality over morality. In a word, realpolitik.

The House on Carroll Street
(Orion)

Frantic
(Warner Bros.)

Girl from Hunan
(New Yorker)

The screenplay is by Walter Bernstein, whose long career includes, among other kinds of scripts, a number with political coloration: *The Molly Maguires*, *Fail-Safe*, and *The Front*, a film in which Woody Allen played a role allegedly close to Bernstein's own experience while on the blacklist. Commissioned here to create a thriller out of complex and shocking data, Bernstein applied the techniques of the genre with dexterity. We can see him molding the materials into the form, which requires regularly spaced outbursts of violence, a purring villain, a tegument of romance, and an unusual setting for the climax. But fundamentally what holds us, as the rituals are observed, is the underlying theme.

It's 1951. Kelly McGillis is a picture editor at *Life* who belongs to a group labeled leftist by a Senate committee. She is subpoenaed by the committee and refuses to name names of fellow members. The committee's lawyer, Mandy Patinkin—in a role patently suggested by Roy Cohn—subsequently puts FBI pressure on her. One of the two FBI agents assigned to tail and harass her is Jeff Daniels. Thus that sturdy reliable of this genre, attraction between enemies, falls into place between him and McGillis.

Life fires her, and she has to find work. She becomes a reader to an old lady who lives in a house across a back garden from another house. In that other house McGillis accidentally spots odd goings-on that are connected, she has reason to think, with the government. At this point the whole opening subject, blacklisting, is dropped, and we move to the principal subject, the smuggling of German scientists. The two subjects have a link, which I can't disclose; still, there's a distinct breach. Within this second major subject there occurs one more breach—it smells like producers' afterthought—concerning a Russian Orthodox wedding. I wasn't quite clear why or how the German scientists became involved in this and were speaking Russian.

But the structural shifts would dim, would become no more than the rules of this particular game, if the leading role were better played. McGillis is inadequate. She has been genuinely winning in tender, "receptive" roles—*Reuben, Reuben* and *Witness*. In *Top Gun* she showed that once she has to do more than be wooed, once she has to supply progressive energy of her own, she is in trouble; and she is in even deeper trouble in *Carroll Street*. She never persuades us of the intellectual vitality that would have made her join a social action group; and in physical action, of which there is a great deal as the story progresses, she is forced and gawky.

The role of the FBI agent, a fellow from the country who hates the city, called for a new James Stewart, which Daniels is not. On a Stewart scale of 10, Daniels rates about 4. But he is tolerable. Patinkin summons up the right scaly viciousness as a man who enjoys cruelty under the guise of patriotism. The director, Peter Yates, is somewhat infatuated with zooms and with the platitudes of espionage films. (If the camera lingers on the front door of a house after someone goes inside, we know that the camera will then pan slightly to reveal a spy who has been watching that person.) Still, Yates underscores well enough the strength of the film's main subject.

Another thriller, *Frantic*, was done by a much more clever director, Roman Polanski, but it quickly becomes much less interesting. Not because it's not political: if you hang on to the end, you'll find that our old thriller friends, the nuclear bomb and world domination, turn up. But the script, by Polanski and Gerard Brach, until that point and beyond, is ghastly.

It's not only that the first 25 minutes are flat and plotless—they're just about an American doctor and his wife arriving at a Paris airport, getting to their hotel, checking in, and cleaning up. It's not only that there are interludes of sheer dullness—*inserted* interludes, at that: a flat tire en route to the hotel, a long disco dancing scene near the end. It's that the logic of thrillerdom, to which *The House on Carroll Street* is fairly loyal, is re-

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Housekeeping. Unusual and admirable. Seemingly a comedy about a fey household in the Northwest, it touches large matters of American frontier spirit. (Reviewed 1/18/88)

Mélo. An old Parisian theater warhorse—one more triangle drama—given interest by an exceptional cast and Alain Resnais's deliberately theatrical direction. (3/7/88)

A Month in the Country. Yorkshire, 1919. Two young war veterans go through recovery and discovery. Crisp acting and writing bail out the rather soggy directing. (3/7/88)

The Unbearable Lightness of Being. Some plot elements of Kundera's novel, stripped of their rich context but so well acted that you wish the actors had been supplied with a better adaptation. (2/29/88).

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peatedly betrayed. *Frantic* frequently unsuspends our disbelief.

More, Polanski's direction has lost its slyness. He seems to have made this picture with his thumbs. Instance: a small white ladies' suitcase is crucial to the plot. When attention first centers on it, the camera rolls in for a close-up while ominous music growls on the sound track. Even you and I, gentle reader, will guess that this suitcase Matters.

And what has happened to Polanski's ability with actors? The fact that he cast an unbearable woman as the doctor's wife is helped by a story that keeps her offscreen much of the time. The fact that he cast Harrison Ford as the doctor was no doubt a coup of bankability; but what about Ford's performance? Couldn't anything be done about his mugging, about his supposedly deep emotional responses that are at best just barely subcutaneous? To call his performance amateurish would be to offend a lot of gifted amateurs. There's another woman in the plot, the young and purportedly sexy Emmanuelle Seigner, who is present, I can only assume, to keep us up to date on Polanski's private life.

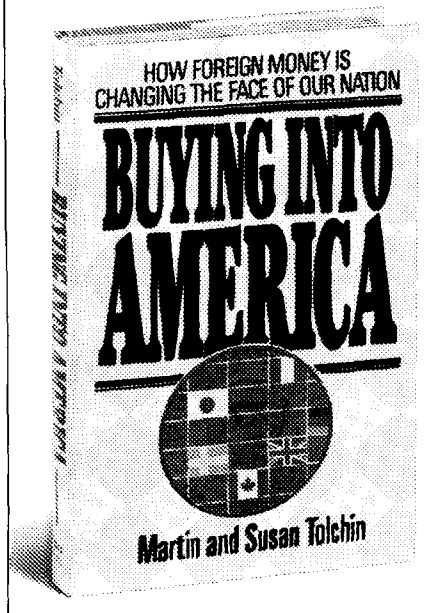
When a picture from abroad is at its best in its travelogue aspects, I wonder what it can mean to people in its country of origin, to whom those aspects are not new. *Girl from Hunan* is the first film from the People's Republic of China to be commercially released in the United States, and its adequate color photography of mountainous Chinese farmlands is breathtaking. The details of an arranged marriage between a 12-year-old girl and an infant boy—the time is the turn of the century—are fascinating; so, too, are the minutiae of daily life in the farming village. Does all this fascinate the Chinese?

And does the story? It's taken from a novel popular in China, so perhaps its success is assured at home. Here, though the novel is not known, the story seems predictable. The bride becomes impatient waiting for her child-husband to mature. She dallies. There are dire and less dire results. It all has the tone of moralistic melodrama.

The sound track is a rather crude post-sync job. But the co-directors, Xie Fei and U Lan, show a skill in the use of CinemaScope that makes the travelogue aspects of *Girl from Hunan* all the more impressive.

The American Dream is being financed with foreign money.

The book William Safire predicted would be "the publishing world's political grabber" for 1988.



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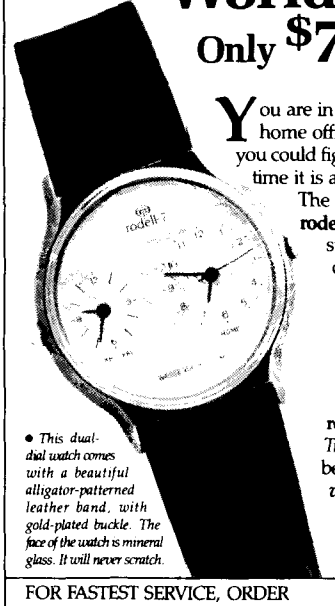

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THE POWER OF THE PEOPLE

Political Culture and Leadership in Soviet Russia: From Lenin to Gorbachev by Robert C. Tucker

(Norton, 214 pp., $22.50)

Reformers in Moscow have become gloomy and apprehensive, and their mood has spread to many commentators in the West. Conservative resistance has forced the reformers into compromises and concessions, and they fear they will have to make more. They are alarmed by extremist movements, left and right, that have crawled out of repressed Soviet souls and onto the streets. And they are acutely conscious of their own small numbers, and of the ease with which they could be swept away. Indeed, some Moscow liberals have taken to calling themselves "kamikazes of *perestroika*."

Are they right? It is true that at the moment the reformers' hopes rest entirely on Gorbachev. Much depends during the coming year on whether he is able to continue consolidating his power within the Communist Party, to keep control of the social forces and popular expectations he has unleashed, and to prevent the first stages of economic reform (which went into effect this January) from disrupting the economy. Gorbachev faces conservative resistance at all levels of the system, including the Politburo itself. Some Western observers believe that he is losing these battles, that he has been so thoroughly hemmed in that reform is already a lost cause.

But this is probably an overly near-term, tactical view. In the long run, the success of Gorbachev's program depends on whether the Soviet population will support it. This is at once the reformers' greatest source of hope and fear. Soviet citizens today are vastly better educated, more affluent, more secure and independent-minded than they were under Stalin or even Khrushchev. But the crucial question is this: After centuries of autocracy and decades of tyranny, what in their political experience prepares them for even the limited *demokratizatsiia* ("democratization") that Gorbachev is proposing?

In other words, the real issue is the political culture of the Soviet citizenry. Fedor Burlatskii, the most talented essayist in Moscow and one of Gorbachev's speechwriters, observed last summer in *Pravda* that Stalin's tyranny (which Soviet good manners still require calling a "cult of personality") had not just been imposed from above; alas, he wrote, it also reflected the low level of political culture of the masses. He quoted Jean-Jacques Rousseau's blistering verdict: "Russia will never be a democracy, because it is a land of slaves; a people gets the government it deserves." Burlatskii hastened to add that the Russian Revolution showed that Rousseau was mistaken, but his point was presumably not lost on his readers: a people also gets the history it deserves.

But Burlatskii believes (or, more likely, hopes) that things are changing: "Before our very eyes," he writes, "a new Soviet political culture has begun to take shape, and along with it a new political man." This is ultimately the crucial question about Gorbachev and reform. Is Burlatskii right? Is there a potential for a new political culture in the Soviet Union today? If so, what is the role of the leader in catalyzing it, shaping it, turning it into workable policies, building usable power and authority on the basis of it?

These are the subjects of Robert Tucker's important book of essays. Tucker's book is part of a family argument that has been going on among Western Russia-watchers for a generation. Most of us were raised on the totalitarian model of Soviet politics, and we have not really moved very far from it. We still focus primarily on the internecine politics at the top, the struggles among Kremlin factions, the battles for control of patronage—in short, what the Russians call the politics of *kto kogo*.

Tucker, who is the West's foremost authority on Stalin and Stalinism, has long been critical of the totalitarian model. He argues that it explains neither how politics worked in Stalin's time nor how Soviet politics has evolved since. Instead, Tucker has long advocated looking at the Soviet system as an anthropologist would, as a fabric of beliefs, symbols, values, and behavior from which Soviet politics is woven—in short, as a political culture. The system of power can only be understood as the product of the cultural matrix that engenders it. It follows that if the underlying culture should change, the system of power would necessarily change as well.

This is more than a little debate among scholars. It goes to the core of our understanding of Gorbachev's rise, and of our view of his prospects. Conventional Sovietology can explain some of the obvious parts of the story (a bright young man with powerful patrons, an aging elite under Brezhnev, a political vacuum in the Politburo after Andropov's death, and so on), but the standard tools give no answers to the other questions about Gorbachev. Where did his remarkable reform program spring from? How did those startling ideas manage to spread among the elite, even before Brezhnev's death? Why is he betting so much on *glasnost* and the support of Soviet intellectuals, at the risk of alienating powerful groups such as the military and the secret police? (As Stalin might have said, how many divisions do the intellectuals have?) For that matter, where is Gorbachev's support coming from? Is Soviet society ready for such a change?

These are big questions, and Tucker proposes big answers. Of the rash of Gorbachev books that have appeared in the last three years, Tucker's is the most thought-provoking and original, the one that best equips us to understand what is at stake in *perestroika* over the long haul. At the core of the book is a series of propositions about culture, leadership, and reform. Any people's values and thoughts about politics consist of different and not necessarily consistent strands. People typically deal with this by thinking one way but behaving in another; anthropologists call this a split between "ideal" cultural patterns and "real" ones.

By the end of the Brezhnev era, the split between "ideal" and "real" cultures in the Soviet Union had become a gulf. The state preaches collectivism; what the population actually practices is more like a mixed economy, one foot in the state stores, the other one in the black market. The official culture is internationalist and atheistic; the "real" culture is increasingly nationalistic and religious. The "ideal" Soviet man is honest and selfless; real Soviet people are strongly materialistic and frequently corrupt (indeed, they have to be to get by). Above all, the official culture emphasizes participation and public-mindedness; but the public has largely retreated into private life and does its best to ignore politics.

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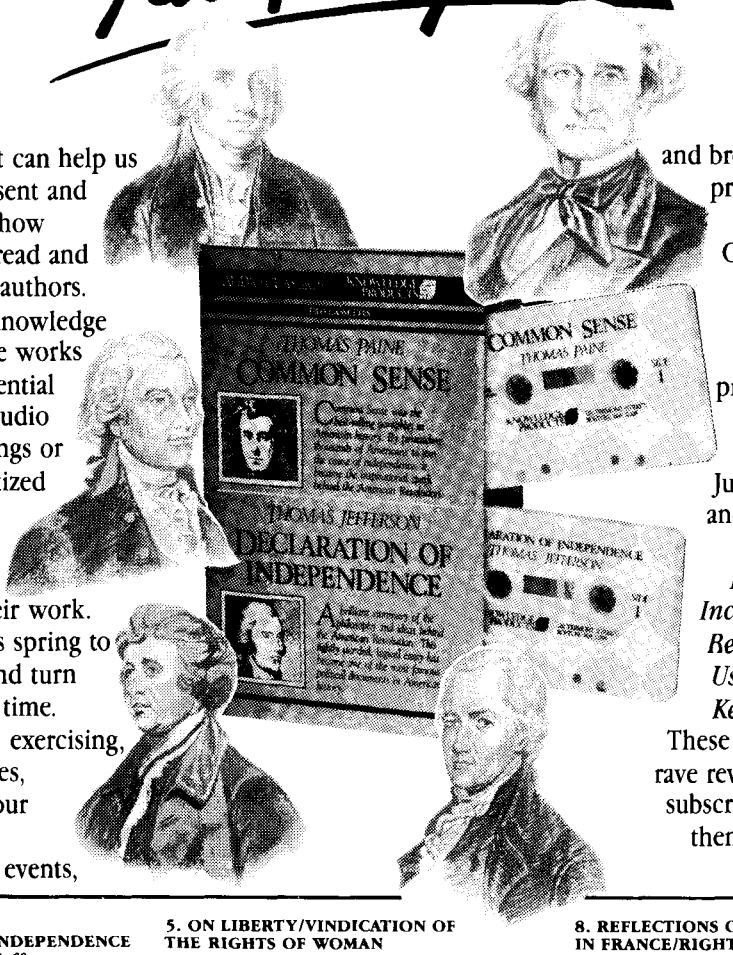

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Tucker proceeds to observe that the official part of the "ideal" culture no longer provides a basis for government. Most peoples hang on to an established culture long after it has ceased to work, and elites and bureaucracies, of course, hang on the longest of all. But the tenacity and longevity of the Stalinist "service nobility" has set some sort of modern record, not equalled even in China. Its dead hand, wooden language, and hidebound thoughts still paralyze the country's economy and society. As Gorbachev put it to the Party's Central Committee early last year, official Soviet thinking "has been frozen at the level of the 1930s and '40s," and "authoritarian views and opinions have become unquestionable truths." This will not be news to Tucker's readers, of course. What is remarkable is to hear Gorbachev using these words.

WHAT CHANCE does one man stand against all that? The most important role of leaders, in Tucker's view, is that of manipulating political cultures. The leader's task is to diagnose, advocate, and mobilize. He does not simply stand at the head of a movement; he shapes it, molds it, if necessary even creates it. This stress on the creative "cultural" role of the leader in reform is the central part of Tucker's case. We should note again how different this approach is from the usual Western analysis of Soviet politics, and how different also in its practical implications. A smart Soviet politician, in the conventional view, builds support through artful tactical maneuvering—by buying off the principal elites or playing them off against each other, simultaneously building an unshakable patronage network for himself. Thus for a leading Sovietologist such as Michel Tatu (whose recent book is the best analysis of Gorbachev from this classic perspective), Gorbachev's strategy of using *glasnost* to appeal to the intelligentsia as his major source of support can only be a sign of serious political weakness. But in Tucker's view of the leader as agent of cultural change, securing the active support of the intelligentsia is a crucial part of building a social movement, and Gorbachev's popularity with the intelligentsia is therefore his surest promise of success.

In Tucker's view, Gorbachev's main task as a reformer is to close the gap between the "real" and "ideal" cultures, and at the same time revitalize the "sustaining myths" of the system. The main lines of the Gorbachevian formula are by now familiar: economic reform, democratization, and *glasnost*, coupled with a determined attack on unacceptable evils that have overgrown the "real" culture, such as corruption, alcoholism, and sloth. Tucker calls this program a "reformation," and as applied to the Leninist church-state the term seems apt. But as in any theocracy, the leader must produce proper doctrinal authority for change; and in Moscow, of course, the only place to find it is in Lenin. "Back to Leninism" is not a new strategy for Soviet leaders; in this respect, as in so many others, there is a superficial resemblance between Gorbachev and Khrushchev. But whereas Khrushchev invoked "Leninist norms of legality" (a conveniently hazy corpus of the founder's pronouncements) primarily to reassure the elite that there would be no repeat of Stalin's "excesses" against them, Gorbachev has already gone much further, appealing to Lenin against the obsolete Stalinist system.

THE Lenin that Gorbachev and his followers have invoked is not the Lenin of exile and revolution, but the Lenin who could be glimpsed in 1921-23, in the final three years or so before his death. During that brief time his thinking seemed to undergo a sharp change. Beginning in 1921, alarmed by the exhausted state of Russia after eight years of world war, revolution, and civil war, Lenin tried to give the country breathing space through partial decontrol of the economy, which came to be known as the New Economic Policy, or NEP. What had begun as a tactical retreat seemed to be evolving in Lenin's mind by 1922 and 1923 into a long-term program for gradual economic and social development, based on an alliance with the peasantry, a mixed economy with large market elements, and a slow process of educating the population over a period of decades. That was not to be, of course; what followed instead was Stalin's forced-draft industrialization and collectivization of agriculture, and the establishment of the command system that rules the country to this day.

What "NEP Leninism" might have become had Lenin lived beyond 1924, nobody can say. The glimpse of it that we have is based mainly on a half-dozen pamphlets that Lenin wrote in 1923, after he had already suffered his second stroke. If there is a corpus of writings that can properly be called the "ism" of moderate Bolsheviks, it belongs to Nikolai Bukharin, the leader of the "right opposition" who was executed as an "enemy of the people" by Stalin in 1938, but whose memory, fittingly enough, is being rehabilitated today.

There is much in this late Leninism, however fragmentary, that resembles Gorbachev's reform program, and that can be used to lend it doctrinal legitimacy. Lenin, in particular, appeared to reject pure central planning and advocated a partial return to a monetary economy and private and semi-private forms of property (such as cooperatives); he wrote of building socialism through gradual persuasion and the slow development of "civilization"; he stressed the importance of harnessing self-interest, particularly in agriculture; and he favored the growth of intermediate bodies in society (as Bukharin wrote, "hundreds and thousands of small and large rapidly expanding voluntary societies, circles, and associations"), which together with the return of the market would serve as an antidote to bureaucracy. Above all, the "other" Leninism is based on trust in the loyalty of the population, and in a belief that its classes can live harmoniously together. We may be skeptical of the Grand Tactician's sincerity here, but it is crucially important that these writings are available to serve as Lenin's posthumous blessing to Gorbachev's *perestroika*.

BUT there are two serious problems with Gorbachev's attempts to invoke the Bukharinist Lenin to revive the official "ideal" culture. First, it is impossible to go back to the 1920s without reopening divisive questions about Stalin and Stalinism. Gorbachev's efforts have already touched off impassioned debates among Soviet intellectuals. It is a fascinating spectacle, and no one is better equipped to guide the reader through it than Tucker. Did Stalin betray Lenin and violate his last wishes? Did he betray socialism by "stealing" the Revolution? Or did he have popular support after all, and were his aims and achievements legitimate? For Soviet intellectuals, it is a passionate business, a struggle for the soul of socialism. Tucker quotes the novelist Oleg Volkov: "What we need most of all now is to extract the Stalinist splinter from the nation's body, the splinter that still continues to poison our consciousness."

This confronts Gorbachev with a dilemma, because he cannot afford the more radical denunciations of Stalinism. Indeed, he would not agree with them, because Gorbachev is a Leninist himself. As Tucker observes, "Leninism as a whole contained very much that Stalin had good claim to as an authoritative text

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and warrant." NEP Leninism, no less than Stalinism, believes in the Communist Party as vanguard, armed with a scientific doctrine that reveals the direction of history, ruling alone at the head of a state whose essential function is tutelary. Multiple parties, or even factions within the ruling single party, are anathema. That is exactly how Gorbachev sees matters. One does not need to invoke "conservative pressure" to explain why Gorbachev, in his ceremonial review of Soviet history on the 70th anniversary of the October Revolution, spent more time endorsing Stalin's deeds than condemning them.

Tucker rightly reminds us that the difference between the reformer and the revolutionary is precisely that the reformer tries to reconcile real with ideal culture and to adapt both to reality, while the revolutionary rejects the established ideal culture altogether and tries to substitute a new one. Lenin was a revolutionary. Gorbachev, for all his rhetoric about "revolution," intends nothing of the sort.

BUT this brings us to a second and far more fundamental difficulty with Gorbachev's attempted Leninist *aggiornamento*. It may simply be too late for Leninist reform. The Soviet population may already have rejected the essential sustaining myths of Marxism-Leninism. Soviet civil society may be in the process of elaborating new "ideal cultures" that are so sharply different from the official ideology of the state that there is already no reconciling them. Tucker does not explicitly draw the obvious implication, but it is there: the Soviet system may be moving toward a revolutionary situation, and a reformer, no matter how able, is doomed.

There is no doubt that momentous changes are indeed taking place in Soviet society; we can see them most clearly in the new novels, plays, and films pouring from the Soviet intelligentsia. (One of the attractions of Tucker's book, incidentally, is his fascinating portrait of cultural life under *perestroika*.) One can sense the rise of values that will strike a responsive chord with Westerners: a growing preoccupation with universal moral concerns, which provide a broader base of values than "partyness" and the moral categories of Marxism-Leninism; a rejection of collectivism and progress toward increasing acceptance of diversity and individualism; a greater recognition of the legitimacy of diverse opinions and of debate; and finally, a rising skepticism about the idea of human perfectibility and the goal of creating a perfect society. These views come from an increasingly well-educated, self-confident, and assertive population.

Unfortunately, that is not all that is under way in Soviet society today. The years of *glasnost* have also witnessed a rising tide of Russian nationalistic sentimentality and fervor, frequently mixed with anti-Semitism, racism, and xenophobia, driven in part by the Russians' resentment over what they perceive as Brezhnev's excessively generous policies toward the non-Russian half of the population, not to mention his subsidies to Eastern Europe. Non-Russians, for their part, are demonstrating in every border region of the Soviet Union. *Glasnost* has revealed spite, vengefulness, and fear. There have been waves of anonymous letters directed at unpopular officials, denunciations of the first few private entrepreneurs because of the indecently large incomes they are thought to be making, and widespread alarm over the prospect that Gorbachev's reforms could mean the end of the low-grade but secure welfare state Soviet citizens are used to. None of this bodes well for Gorbachev's "neo-NEP" program.

CAN GORBACHEV combine these contradictory trends in popular values with a suitably reinterpreted ideology to produce a revived political culture? The obstacles are daunting. First, several of these emerging popular values are ones that Gorbachev is hardly likely to share and, in any case, cannot afford to endorse. For example, the growing skepticism about human perfectibility increasingly takes the form of a rejection of some of the state's most fundamental values, such as the belief in technological progress. Great-Russian nationalism is unacceptable, of course, to the non-Russian half of the Soviet population and is therefore unusable as the basis for building a new cultural consensus, just as yielding to non-Russian nationalisms will rip the state apart. Gorbachev must pick his way carefully.

The second problem is that the values and views coming to the surface in Soviet society are too scattered to constitute a basis for a political "movement" that a leader could exploit. Instead, there is a ferment of popular feelings, formless, contradictory, divisive, and potentially violent. Paradoxically, there is also widespread political apathy. Gorbachev's own strongest followers come from the "children of 1956," a handful of people now in their 50s and 60s who

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came of age politically (as Gorbachev himself did) at the time of Khrushchev's first post-Stalin thaw. In contrast, Gorbachev's ideological formula of Right Leninism appears to have left younger people unmoved.

BUT the most fundamental difficulty with Gorbachev's approach, which is bound to confront any Leninist (as indeed it confronted Bukharin as the 1920s wore on), is this: How does one reconcile a respect for popular will with the doctrine of the sovereign vanguard party? One cannot go very far toward democratization without confronting the basic fact that just as economic managers must ultimately choose between obeying the market or the planner, so the bureaucrats must choose between the voice of the people and the voice of the Party leadership.

Tucker thinks that Gorbachev should deal with this dilemma by abandoning the tutelary role of the Party and "secularizing" the Leninist church-state. In Lenin's school of communism, he asks, is it not time for graduation? Is it not time to move beyond the paternalism inherent in the notion of a vanguard party? But Tucker himself seems resigned that this is not how Gorbachev sees his mission. For all of Gorbachev's frequent references in his speeches to the need to listen to the people, it is clear that for him the people's role is advisory only. Gorbachev is a Party man first and last.

The one place where Gorbachev's reformation could have a real "democratizing" effect, however, is inside the congregation of the faithful, that is, within the ranks of the Party itself. The Party statutes have always been democratic in form, but the reality, needless to say, has always been that Party officials are appointed from above, not elected from below. Now Gorbachev is pushing for multiple candidacies, secret ballots, and limited terms of office inside the Party. He is campaigning to increase the role of the rank and file and decrease the role of the professional apparatus. These issues will come to a head in June, at a so-called Extraordinary Party Conference, the first in 47 years. The prospect that democracy might break out within the Party has conservatives understandably alarmed, because it threatens the system of patronage that is the traditional basis of power in the elite, and they are fighting back.

Yet it's far from clear that the Party rank and file, even if they had a greater voice inside the Party, would support the modernization of Soviet political culture that Gorbachev is proposing. The 20 million members of the CPSU are the more successful people in Soviet society—primarily the urban Russian males who hold the country's best jobs. They have a stake in the system as it is now, and it's not obvious why they should support Gorbachev's leaps into the unknown. Still, the prospect of even limited democratization within the Party is a fascinating one, because the Party is the one group in Soviet society to which, Gorbachev might argue, the Soviet political class is directly accountable. If he develops that accountability in practice, the result could be a form of limited suffrage that might represent the timid beginnings of restraint on official power.

IN SUM, it is easy to be pessimistic about the prospects for change in the Soviet system. Sophisticated observers are saying even now that a familiar scenario is already being re-enacted in Moscow: the czar-reformer, having made a bold beginning at reforming society by decree, draws back at the prospect of anarchy, and reform ends up choked by conservative opposition and popular fear and indifference. Perhaps, but not inevitably. Tucker's book brings a more optimistic and longer-range view of the possibilities. Political cultures do change, he reminds us, and the potential for change in Russia is now greater than ever before.

For the first time since the 18th century, a Russian ruler is interested in shrinking, rather than expanding, the role of the state in society. He comes at a time when, for the first time in Russian history, a numerous, well-educated, and vocal middle class has emerged that could serve as the basis for a civil society. Whatever else may divide these people, they are united by their impatience over abuses of power and corruption, baffled and ashamed over their country's inability to compete in today's high-tech world, and increasingly willing to speak out. In the hands of a reformist leader, these are powerful assets, and Gorbachev has only begun to draw on them.

But in the end, the fate of Gorbachev and *perestroika* depends on the Soviet peoples themselves. Rousseau's words still echo in Moscow: a people gets the government it deserves.

THANE GUSTAFSON

Thane Gustafson, associate professor of government at Georgetown University, is a specialist on Soviet domestic politics.

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PAINTER WITH PORTFOLIO

Peter Paul Rubens: Man and Artist
by Christopher White

(Yale University Press, 310 pp., $65)

"As anyone who has tried his hand will know, the arena of Rubens studies is not for lightweights," writes Christopher White in the introduction to his by no means lightweight book. Indeed, Rubens's immense oeuvre has never stopped reverberating. He is one of the greatest draftsmen of all time, and his activities were many: an antiquarian scholar, a connoisseur and a collector, a courtier and a diplomat, all besides, of course, a painter. His correspondence with some of the most brilliant and significant personalities of his time (250 letters survive, written in Italian, French, Flemish, Latin, and Spanish), his sense of duty, of loyalty and friendship, his elegance, his impact on his own time and on posterity are of such magnitude that one would need a lifetime to tell his life. From Roger de Piles, the 17th-century apostle of "Rubenism," to Charles Ruelens and Max Rooses, to Julius Held and Michael Jaffé, all those who entered the giant's den were absorbed into its density.

But are words really possible, or necessary, before such marvels as *Helena Fourment with Two of Her Children* (circa 1636), or her again as Aphrodite (*"Het Pelsken,"* 1630s), *The Judgment of Paris* (1638-39), or the *Self-portrait with Isabella Brant* (circa 1609-10)? Painting communicates without mediation. Yet the spontaneous love of art calls for inquiry, which intensifies it. The art historian's purpose is to shed light, and to allow the flame of passion to blaze. The most important publications in the field of Rubens studies were the *Documents and Correspondence* edited by Ruelens and Rooses, published in six volumes between 1887 and 1909, now a great rarity (awaiting a daring publisher); and most recently, Held's *Critical Catalogue of the Oil Sketches*, a monument to Rubens and to scholarship. Now, condensing all that vast material, not as a critical catalog but as a life, Christopher White has written the biography we were waiting for.

Rubens's father, Jan Rubens, alderman of Antwerp, doctor of both laws (Roman and ecclesiastical), whose family history can be traced back in Antwerp to the 14th century, a Calvinist, had to flee his town in 1568 because of the religious conflict and Spanish oppression. He went to Cologne with his wife, Maria Pypelinx, and their four children. There he became councillor to Anna of Saxony, princess of Orange-Nassau, wife of Prince William "the Silent," the founder of the Dutch republic, who was assassinated in 1584. In 1571 Rubens was sent to prison by order of Count Johann of Nassau in the name of Prince William, on charges of adultery with the princess, after she gave birth to an illegitimate child.

Rubens pleaded guilty and awaited execution in the dungeons of Schloss Dillenburg. But his wife intervened; she wrote two profoundly moving letters of forgiveness and begged for a pardon, which was later granted (to avoid scandal?). But the Rubens family was banned from Cologne until 1578. They lived at Siegen, in the meantime, where three sons were born: Philip in 1573, Peter Paul in 1577, and Bartholomeus, who died in infancy. Cologne was the first city that Peter Paul learned to love. But after Jan Rubens's death in 1587, Maria Pypelinx and her three surviving children returned to Antwerp, where they settled in a fine townhouse in the center of the city.

Philip and Peter Paul received an outstanding humanist education under Rombaut Verdonck. Philip, extremely brilliant, continued under the guidance of Justus Lipsius, one of the greatest minds of the time; Philip became his most beloved pupil, and designated heir to the chair at the University of Louvain, but he chose another career and died in 1611 at the age of 38. Peter Paul, probably at the age of 14, entered the service of Marguerite de Ligne, Countess of Lalaing, as a page, probably at her castle of Audenarde. His gifts for painting must have been very striking and convincing, for he was soon to enter the workshop of Tobias Verhaecht (1561-1641), then of Adam van Noort (1562-1641), and finally of the celebrated Otto Venius (van Veen, 1556-1629). In 1598 Rubens was admitted by the Guild of Saint Luke as an independent master.

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His earliest known work, *Portrait of a Man* (1597, now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art), is a small painting on copper, highly finished, in the tradition of van Eyck. In 1600 Peter Paul left for Italy, following his brother Philip, apparently to Venice first. Tradition has it that he was fortuitously introduced in Venice to the Duke of Mantua. It is possible that Peter Paul was introduced to the duke, who was in search of fine portrait painters (in order to paint the portraits of beautiful ladies, such as the great actress Isabella Andreini), during the Mantuan sovereign's visit to Flanders, where he went to take the waters in 1599.

It was at the court of Mantua that Rubens served his apprenticeship in court politics. He had among his colleagues Claudio Monteverdi and Torquatto Tasso, the "Gelosi," the best theater group in Italy (which means the best in the Western world, apart from Shakespeare's theater in London), and the finest orchestra and chorus—Monteverdi's *La favola d'Orfeo* was first produced there in 1607. (All this expenditure eventually brought the duke's finances to the point of precariousness.) Not to speak of the fact that some of the most stunning female beauties could be met at the court of Mantua.

Traveling from Mantua, the young painter arrived in Rome in August 1601. The city was in the midst of a "big bang" in the arts. The Mannerist legacy—that is, the priority of style over truth, to which some were still clinging—was collapsing. Yet not completely: it was still hanging, by more than a hair, on the Platonic Ideal, on proportion and propriety. Artists from all over Europe concentrated in Rome, where Annibale Carracci was still working on the Palazzo Farnese cycle; Caravaggio, who "preferred truth to beauty" (for which he was later condemned by Giovan Pietro Bellori), had just finished the Saint Matthew cycle at San Luigi dei Francesi, and now painted the *Conversion of Saint Paul* and the *Crucifixion of Saint Peter* at the Cerasi Chapel, Santa Maria del Popolo.

The impact of these works must have been colossal. It is through them that Rubens gives the impression of drawing from Michelangelo. We can sense his passionate reaction to the masterpieces, old and modern, in the Eternal City from the numerous copies he made of them during this first stay, thus unknowingly assembling the "data base" that was to serve him in the future. "On some occasions he maintained a scrupulous regard for the detail and character of the original, while on others he remained as close as Beethoven did to Diabelli," says White. Consider, for example, his copy of Raphael's portrait of Castiglione (then in Mantua, now at the Louvre), in which Rubens added the hands in full, unlike those in the original.

White also thinks that "in everything, Rubens was deliberate and his habit of copying had a specific purpose. Although a number were carried out on commission from such patrons as the Duke of Mantua, by far the largest number were made for himself. In the first place they provided an artistic education." As White puts it, "building up a record of works of art to supplement the available reproductive engravings" constituted for Rubens an archive, a mining ground for his own work. One should add that copying, at least in drawing, is a sort of perpetual act of deference, a tribute that living artists pay to dead masters, in the hope of piercing their secret.

SELF-PORTRAIT WITH ISABELLA BRANT, C. 1609-10

"Rubens was criticized by some of his competitors for borrowing whole figures from the Italians," wrote the Dutch painter, etcher, poet, writer, and theoretician Samuel van Hoogstraeten (1627-78). (He added that Rubens "answered that they were free to do likewise if they could benefit from it. By this he indicated that not everybody was capable of deriving benefit from these copies.") It is true that Rubens used his "documentation" quite often in his compositions for history painting, as in the case of the figure of "Bounty" in the Whitehall Banqueting House ceiling (1629-34), which is derived from Rubens's copy of Michelangelo's nude in the Sistine Chapel. Still, his greatest works were picked directly from life. Sometimes, in his life drawings, he had his models assume a pose reminiscent, consciously or not, of a similar pose in this or that masterpiece. It would be naive and wrong to confer on corporeal attitudes an importance that they actually don't have; a female nude seen from the back, or in foreshortening, in a similar attitude by different artists, is no proof of derivation. Rubens is a *force de la nature* of unequalled amplitude.

The foundation of his vast pictorial output, as I see it, is in his line, which is founded on his superb draftsmanship. Rubens's drawings are sensitive and sensual, moving and powerful, free and exact. The secret of his brush was in his crayon, though color played an important part; color, like sound, requires a

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sharp sense, in this case of sight, and a particular intelligence, in order to be able to grasp by a fraction of tone the pigment on the palette that will seize the tone in nature. Rubens was blessed with this sense too, although his color is sometimes higher by a fraction than it should be, if compared with Titian, or with Velázquez.

HE RETURNED from Italy in 1608 because of his mother's illness, only to find her dead and buried. He wished to go back to Italy, but the Archduke Albert and the Infanta Isabella wanted to retain him, and they succeeded: "They made him a member of their court and bound him with golden fetters." In September 1609 Rubens was granted an annual pension of 500 *livres de Flandre* (payable in two installments, often late, because of the financial difficulties of the Spanish Crown and its dependencies) and "rights, honors, liberties, exemptions, and franchises enjoyed by the members of the archducal household." He was absolved from the obligation of living at the court in Brussels and was free to teach art without being subject to the Guild regulations. And in the same year Rubens married Isabella Brant, the eldest daughter of Jan Brant, who was, together with Philip Rubens, one of the four secretaries of the city of Antwerp, and whose wife's sister Philip married. Rubens entered a phase of high creativity, built his superb house, and became a father.

White reports Roger de Piles's description of Rubens as having "a tall stature, a stately bearing, with a regularly shaped face, rosy cheeks, chestnut brown hair, sparkling eyes but with passion restrained, a laughing air, gentle and courteous." His patrons included practically all the enlightened monarchs and all the Who's Who who could afford a Rubens. The demand was higher than he could meet. Among the large cycles he was commissioned to paint were the *Decius Mus* for Genoa, the Jesuit Church of Antwerp, the Maria de' Medici and Henri IV cycles for Paris, and the 12 Constantine tapestries for Louis XIII. They came from the workshop, mainly between 1615 and 1625, in which Anthony van Dyck, Frans Snyders, and Jacob Jordaens were the artist's principal collaborators.

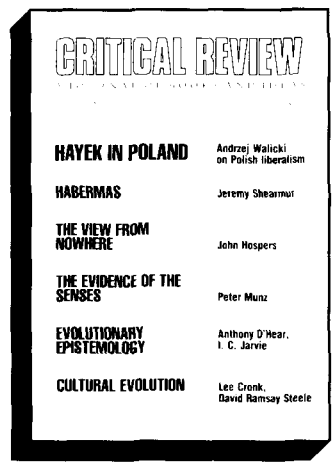
A production line came into being, essentially for the large history painting cycles. It was to become, to my mind, detrimental to Rubens's work. A collaboration of three or four different hands cannot achieve the organic structure needed in a painting. A collaboration painting is not a chorus singing music written by a single composer, but rather several composers trying to make a chorus with a single voice singing. Many of the collaboration pieces tend to fall apart, although they are interesting as exercises in connoisseurship; we can easily recognize which hand is whose, especially the hands of van Dyck, Snyders, and Jordaens. And Rubens had other assistants as well, especially for the decoration of the Banqueting House at Whitehall.

"I HAVE never failed, in my travels, to observe and study antiquities, both in public or private collections, or missed a chance to acquire certain objects of curiosity by purchase," wrote Rubens to his friend Nicolas-Claude Fabri de Peiresc on December 18, 1634. His collection of antique sculpture and Italian painting was the most significant one in Northern Europe. Besides the collection of sculpture, which he acquired from Sir Dudley Carlton in the 1620s and later sold, after his first wife's death in 1626, to the Duke of Buckingham, Rubens possessed nine Titians (including the last self-portrait, now in the Prado), five Tintorettos, four Veroneses, one Raphael, as well as paintings of the Northern schools by Jan van Eyck, Hugo van der Goes, Quentin Massys, Jan van Scorel, and Frans Floris. He also owned works by Dürer and Holbein, as well as works by contemporaries: ten by van Dyck, five by Snyders, eight by Cornelis Saftleven, eight by Adam Elsheimer, and 17 by Adrien Brouwer. But his favorite was Peter Brueghel the Elder.

In his *Life* of Rubens (1672), Giovan Pietro Bellori describes the master's private museum: "He had a circular room built in his house in Antwerp, with only a round skylight in the ceiling, similar to the Pantheon in Rome, so as to achieve the same perfectly even light." To complete his "museum," Rubens built a rectangular room in which to hang his collection of paintings by northern light—thus following Vitruvius, but also observing what was common knowledge to all painters: that northern light alone is stable and permits the viewing of colors in their right hue.

According to the English ambassador to the king of Denmark, Sir Thomas Roe, Rubens was "full of resource and marvelously well equipped to conduct any great affair. . . . He had grown so rich by his profession that he appeared

"In [Polish] underground schools, workers were reading...as fast as they could be translated... Robert Nozick [&] Friedrich von Hayek...."
—The New Republic, Feb. 1, 1988



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everywhere, not like a painter, but a great cavalier with a very stately train of servants, horses, coaches, liveries, and so forth. . . . He had two advantages, great wealth and much astuteness. He was extremely alert in everything." This was Rubens's public image of a *mens sana in corporem sano* (which was the inscription above the archway leading into his garden).

It is impossible to know the private Rubens. Of his surviving correspondence there are practically no private letters. Was he really that balanced, that Stoic? Probably not always. Although a follower of Justus Lipsius in neo-Stoicism, when faced with the death of his wife Isabella Brant in 1626, he wrote to his friend, the great French humanist Pierre Dupuy, the royal librarian in Paris:

> You do well to remind me of the necessity of Fate, which does not comply with our passions, and which, as an expression of the Supreme Power, is not obliged to render us an account of its actions. It has absolute dominion over all things, and we have only to serve and obey. There is nothing to do, in my opinion, but to make this servitude more honorable and less painful by submitting willingly; but at present such a duty seems neither easy, nor even possible. You are very prudent in commending me to Time, and I hope this will do for me what Reason ought to do. For I have no pretensions about ever attaining a stoic equanimity; I do not believe that human feelings so closely in accord with their object are unbecoming to man's nature, or that one can be equally indifferent to all things in this world.

Being in accord with his object, feeling it closely, is what we grasp from Rubens's work. The intensity of feeling inflected with his power to pick the truth from life, the high intelligence in his compositions, the logic with which he solved, as if in a flash of lightning, contradictions between content and form: these make up the syntax of his paintings.

Take, for example, the *Self-portrait with Isabella Brant* (in the Alte Pinakothek in Munich). The composition, as I see it, is dictated by the placing of Isabella on the right-hand side of the canvas, thus setting it off balance. Etiquette and symbolism imposed it—the left, *sinistra*, being malefic and inferior. But in placing Isabella on the right, Rubens certainly knew that his composition would seem to be tilted to the right, thus having the figure of Isabella "fall out." His brilliant invention was to seat himself higher, with his hat cut off, "hanging" his composition from the angle thus created. It is this angle that sets off the circular movement in a rhythm of one, two, one, with Isabella's yellow hat as an accord; its repeat, but in reverse, is her light stomacher, pulled upward, by his dark right sleeve, pulled down again and to the left by his two (yellowish) crossed legs as a counterpoint. Isabella's collar plays an essential role in summing up the circular, clockwise movement around the crossed hands, the picture's focus, which are placed on the Golden Ratio intersection: his hand in hers, and one free; her hand in his, and one free; whence the rhythm. Our eye is driven there, and starting from there we are pulled, clockwise, as in a whirlwind, though all is calm.

The key to a painting is not easily found. Unlike music, where the key to a piece is given first, the key in painting remains hidden. Sometimes there are several keys. White gives us another reading of the picture:

> In a bower of honeysuckle Isabella, wearing an embroidered stomacher, sits at Rubens's feet, her hand resting affectionately on her husband's. . . . The perfect harmony between them is expressed by the interlocking flow of movement from one figure to another. He portrays himself not as an artist but as elegantly dressed as his wife . . . his yellow stockings creating a colorful accent in an otherwise dark-keyed painting. The painting is an unmistakable statement about social position.

For the sake of history, the art historian often tends to disregard pictorial formulation, because it is ahistorical in its essence, but also because it is never taught. Hence the insistence on iconography, which frequently means deciphering a picture, rather than seeing it.

THE YEARS 1628-30 were hectic and filled with travel, during which Rubens had to make art and politics accord. He took long sojourns in Madrid, and then in London (1629-30), where he went to re-establish diplomatic relations between Spain and England. The amazing thing is that these activities did not stop him from painting. In Madrid he even managed to paint the equestrian portrait of the king and copied a number of Titians. In London too, besides the complete success of his mission, he did not abandon his brushes, and painted (among other things) the portrait of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, but strangely enough, not the portrait of Charles I.

The last ten years of Rubens's life were years of happiness and fulfillment, during which he painted the *Ovid* cycle for the Torre de la Parada (which remained unfinished) and most of his masterpieces. Spending most of his time in his townhouse and his castle Het Steen, he retired from politics (though he was involved in the granting of asylum in Flanders to Maria de' Medici). After his return from England, Rubens remarried. He wrote on December 18, 1634, to Peiresc:

> I have taken a young wife of honest but middle-class family, although everyone

MUSEUM PIECE

Pioneer Bible at Austin, Texas

It is, in the text of things, no small deed:
Bibles bound in Indian skin, preserved
against silverfish and excess humidity.
The first student I watch says "Gol . . ."
and does not finish; the university,
this time, has left him breathless,
even in the climatically controlled room.
"Are they real," another asks, and no one
answers; we trust what we see in museums.

They are not the color I should have imagined,
tan rather than adobe, the color of the soil
before ranchers moved in. What I cannot
comprehend is the tenacious urge at collections:
where they have lain for a hundred years
since Texans begged the federal army
"to intervene." The last word is eclipsed
by the air conditioning. But, as the second
student says, "seeing is believing."

Why did they doubt? The fact of such mementos
is for them all that means. For me, the wonder
is the act of arrival, tissue-paper drawers,
chests locked in camphor, or a clothes press
salvaged from the push West across land
drenched in wildflowers, not the aridness
we were trained to see. It is, I see as I leave,
my own arrival, the plain that was promised
and finally delivered to an air swept clean.

ALEX STEVENS

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tried to persuade me to make a court marriage. But I feared pride, that inherent vice of the nobility particularly in that sex, and that is why I chose one who would not blush to see me take my brushes in hand.

Helena Fourment, whom he married on December 6, 1630, was 16 years old. She filled the last ten years of his life and was his muse and constant model. "He was intoxicated by her," says White. One feels it. The drawings and paintings he did of her are his greatest masterpieces. But after his death she blushed about the brushes and preferred to consider herself the widow of the knight of Steen (Rubens's castle) rather than of one of the greatest painters of her time. She also destroyed some paintings that showed too much of her nudity. But what remains, the numerous drawings and paintings, culminating with the fabulous "*Het Pelsken*" (now in the Kunsthistorisches Museum in Vienna), reverberates with his passion, and with her sensuous femininity.

Already in 1607, while working in Rome on the Chiesa Nuova altarpiece, Rubens was considered a great master. By 1611 he was referred to as "the Apelles of our age." By Royal Decree and *Lettres patentes* dated April 27, 1629, Rubens was made by Philip IV, king of Spain, a secretary in his privy council. In 1631 he was knighted by Philip IV, on his return from his successful diplomatic mission to England, where he had received a knighthood in 1630 from Charles I, who "presented him with the jeweled sword used for the accolade, and a ring from his finger and a hat cord ornamented with diamonds," and who made him a Knight of the Golden Spur "for the peace concluded between Us and the King his master"; Charles I also gave him the privilege of using in his coat of arms a quarter of the royal blazon, namely the red canton golden lion.

But his ascension, and his growing fame, paralleled the decline of his city, Antwerp, especially after the end of the Twelve-Year Truce (1609-1621) and the renewal of the war between Spain and Holland. Amsterdam replaced Antwerp as the most important port. Rubens's great dream was to achieve peace between the sister provinces, the Spanish Netherlands and the Dutch Republic. He was to play a role, starting in 1624 as the mediator between the Archduchess Isabella, the Marquis Ambrogio Spinola, commander of the Spanish army in the Netherlands, and Prince Henri van Nassau, the Stadthouder of the Dutch Republic. But he never saw the end of the war. Rubens died eight years too early, on May 30, 1640. "One of the most attractive features of Rubens," writes White, in a fine summing-up, "and indeed one which contributed so enormously to his general happiness of life, was his self-knowledge. He knew his worth and was prepared to argue on that basis. He was ambitious, but he was not prepared to sell his soul to achieve his aspirations."

AVIGDOR ARIKHA

Avigdor Arikha, whose paintings will be exhibited in Tokyo (April-May) and New York (October), was recently awarded the Grand Prix des Arts of the City of Paris.

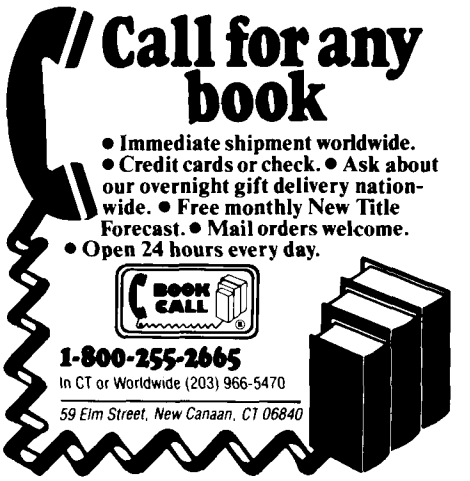
ATHENS'S DIRTY SECRET

The Trial of Socrates
by I. F. Stone

(Little, Brown, 282 pp., $18.95)

I. F. Stone decided to devote his years of retirement to a study of freedom of thought in human history. For a journalist who had spent most of his career thinking freely in public about contemporary affairs, it was only natural to trace the historical roots of the particular freedom he held so dear. Stone's inquiries led him back century by century. From the Reformation and the Middle Ages he worked his way by slow degrees to the civilization of ancient Greece and, as he says more than once, fell in love with the ancient Greeks.

Confronted with the glory that was Greece (Stone seems not to have been much interested in the grandeur that was Rome), this student of free thinking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has a major problem in the trial and death of Socrates. Stone faced the problem squarely, deciding to concentrate his energy on it and, at least for the present, to abandon his larger project. He decided to begin in the proper way, by acquiring a sound knowledge of classical Greek, and by interrogating the scattered testimony from antiquity in the original texts. The joy of Stone's scholarly voyage irradiates his new book on the trial of Socrates and sets a shining example for other amateurs (in the best and true sense of the word).

Although Stone has acquainted himself with some important works of scholarship and has had personal contact with several distinguished professional scholars in North America, he has prudently emphasized the ancient sources and attempted to interpret them directly with the investigative skills he acquired in a lifetime of journalism. The result is a singularly honest and vigorous work, idiosyncratic and sometimes naive, but reflecting at every point the passion of a highly intelligent writer.

STILL, this is obviously not a work of scholarship, nor was it meant to be. It is one man's reading of the great texts on a great event in Western civilization. There are many philosophical issues about which Stone is disquietingly innocent (such as Socrates' view of the crafts, or the reasons why he chose to stay in prison and face death), but it would be a sad day if something so fundamental to our cultural heritage as the trial and death of Socrates were to be declared off-limits for all but professional scholars. It is often salutary for the scholarly community to see what their materials look like to a thoughtful outsider. A decade ago a book by Edward Luttwak called *The Grand Strategy of the Roman Empire* had a considerable impact in the professional world of Roman historians because it brought to bear the practical knowledge of an experienced contemporary strategist on problems that historians of Rome had traditionally addressed in largely antiquarian terms.

Stone's book is not likely to have a comparable impact among historians of Greece, for the simple reason that the trial of Socrates has been so exhaustively discussed before. But it deserves to be read by classicists as well as general readers. If Stone's explanation of Socrates' martyrdom ultimately fails, it is instructive to see why. Stone seems to accept the view that the Athenians found Socrates insufferable, in fact so hostile to everything they valued in their democratic state that ultimately they made the mistake of silencing his dissident voice.

Stone explains the growth of Athenian intolerance during Socrates' last years in terms of a reaction to recent oligarchic upheavals in the city. As Athens moved gradually toward defeat at the hands of Sparta in the late fifth century B.C., the democracy that had launched and prosecuted the war became increasingly vulnerable. In 411 B.C., after the horrendous disaster of a naval expedition to Sicily, the Athenian conservatives succeeded in overturning the democracy in favor, ultimately, of a moderate oligarchy—a form of government that Thucydides, an old Periclean, actually admired. But the resilient democrats soon regained control, only to lose it once again at the end of the war in 404 B.C. The proximity of a Spartan garrison reinforced the strongly anti-democratic rule of the "Thirty," some of whom were known as disciples of Socrates. After further bloodletting between the democrats and oligarchs in 401 B.C., a reconciliation was agreed upon. Socrates had certainly done nothing to promote the overthrow of democracy (nor, for that matter, to save it). But by 399 B.C., the year of his trial and death, Athens's experiences in the recent past would, in Stone's view, have made an unrepentant and unreconciled Socrates particularly unwelcome.

YET why should the Athenians have cared all that much about Socrates? If one tries to think of him without the writings of Plato, which served to canonize him in the Western tradition, a relatively unimpressive local celebrity emerges. The enormity of the Athenian execution of Socrates would have been vastly diminished in our eyes had we known this figure only from the comedies of Aristophanes, the memoirs of Xenophon, and scraps and allusions elsewhere. Whether the Platonic Socrates, whose death would certainly have been a major loss to any city of culture, ever really existed is beyond telling, and Stone's quest for the historical Socrates was as doomed to failure before it began as is the quest for the historical Jesus.

Stone's Socrates is fundamentally a right-wing intellectual with aristocratic sympathies and a distinctly pro-Spartan political bias. Whether such a characterization of Socrates is true or false is ultimately immaterial, at least for Stone's purposes. What matters for Stone (and for us) is whether or not a democratic state can or should tolerate a hyperactive and highly intelligent person whose opinions are so alien to everything that the state stands for. Is there, in short, a limit to what it should put up with?

These are obviously real questions that have nothing to do with the "reality" of Socrates. Stone would have done better to spend more time on the much more easily ascertainable facts about the real state of Athens. It seems to me that his love of the Greeks and their capital city has made him misrepresent the Athenian state. He tells us with admirable candor:

> The more I fell in love with the Greeks, the more agonizing grew the spectacle of Socrates before his judges. It horrified me as a civil libertarian. It shook my Jeffersonian faith in the common man. It was a black mark for Athens and the freedom it symbolized. How could the trial of Socrates have happened in so free a society? How could Athens have been so untrue to itself?

For Stone, there is no getting around the fact that Athens betrayed itself when it prosecuted Socrates in the aftermath of the oligarchic revolutions. But he seeks some comfort in the fact that the jury seems to have been reluctant to convict. He even fancifully imagines that if Socrates had only made a speech about free speech he would have been acquitted, and he obligingly provides a draft of the speech that he thinks would have let Socrates off. But, of course, as Stone well knows, Socrates unfortunately never did invoke the principle of free speech. Stone suggests that one reason might have been that his acquittal would have vindicated the democratic principles he scorned. And so Stone gives us paradoxically an unreconciled Socrates who embraced his own destruction in order to make Athens untrue to itself. The irony here is that this interpretation means that Socrates was at least true to *himself*, when Athens was not. One has the feeling that Stone really cannot forgive Socrates for making Athens do such a thing to itself.

THE ONLY WAY out of this paradox is to take a less rosy view of Athens. No polity is perfect. What if Athens was not untrue to itself? What if Stone, in love with the city, has not seen it whole? The Athenian state of the mid- and later fifth century B.C. was a participatory democracy, but it could scarcely be described as a paradigm of freedom. The economy was based on a system of slavery that even the freest thinkers took

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largely for granted. The position of women was such that, as Pericles himself is made to say in the funeral oration in Thucydides, the highest reputation to which any woman could aspire was total obscurity. (An honorable woman would never be spoken of by other men: only courtesans, like Pericles' notorious Aspasia, were known and named in public.) Furthermore, the Athenians, democratic as they were, were at the same time enthusiastic imperialists. The inhumane and self-interested way in which they sought to intimidate their subjects led to one of the most shameful episodes in the history of classical antiquity, the elimination of the population of Melos through wholesale execution and enslavement.

Stone frequently expresses his admiration for the open criticism of Athenians and their institutions in comic drama, but even this freedom is reported to have been suspended twice in the second half of the fifth century. And comedy itself makes some serious indictments. It is in Aristophanes' *Wasps* that we can see most clearly the inherent dangers of an Athenian predilection for litigation that often surfaced throughout the fifth and fourth centuries B.C.

ALL THESE fissures in the Athenian democracy were trenchantly observed, although with a jaundiced eye, by the anonymous author of a right-wing tract that has survived from antiquity under the name of Xenophon. The views of this writer, infinitely less sophisticated than the views of Socrates, would nonetheless make an interesting comparison. Particularly relevant is the author's complaint that vested interests in Athens, especially the imperialists in the Athenian populace, had created a system to protect themselves at the expense of everyone else. Modification and change were so difficult that this writer judged revolution to be the only means of eradicating weaknesses in the Athenian polity. It must be admitted that a democratic system that could return Pericles to the position of general year after year in annual elections for some 15 years, during which Pericles strengthened the empire and led the state into a disastrous war, must have been manipulable to some degree. Stone describes himself as a former "muckraker," but it seems as if the spell cast over him by the achievements of classical Greece has blinded him to the more sordid side of the fifth-century miracle.

We can never know what the real Socrates was like. His ideas may or may not have been as searching and profound as they appear in the pages of Plato. But what we know of the real Athens makes it plain that even an error of the magnitude of executing the Platonic Socrates could easily have happened there, admirable as the city was in so many ways. What is more worrying than Stone's question about Athens's being untrue to itself is the role of Plato. Without Plato, it is unlikely that Stone would even have written his book, and it is certainly unlikely that the death of Socrates would have impinged as it has on the course of Western civilization. The Roman poet Horace once said that many brave men lived before Agamemnon, but they are all forgotten because they lacked a great writer such as Homer to commemorate them. Similarly, for lack of a good publicist, persons of integrity and honor have been condemned in the courts and even been executed without leaving a conspicuous trace. How many Socrates have died without a Plato?

G. W. BOWERSOCK

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DURABLE UNIONS

The Origins of Alliances by Stephen M. Walt

(Cornell University Press, 322 pp., $32.50)

To listen to the current Senate hearings on the missile treaty, you'd think our alliances are about as stable as a soufflé. "By ratifying this treaty you will destabilize Germany and Western Europe and threaten the existence of NATO," warns Evan Galbraith, financier and former ambassador to France. Even Senator Joseph Biden, who supports the treaty, fears that after Star Wars and Reykjavik "any further blows to European confidence in U.S. leadership ... could be devastating."

Does this make any sense at all? Here we are, getting close to the 39th anniversary of an alliance that hardly anyone in 1949 expected to last for more than a few years, an alliance that has survived such debacles as Suez, Vietnam, General de Gaulle, and even Ronald Reagan's ruminations about Europe as a nuclear battlefield for the superpowers. Is a little treaty that has been endorsed by all our European allies, that makes hardly a dent in the superpowers' stockpiles, going to be NATO's undoing? It can't help seeming ridiculous to think so. And Stephen Walt, in *The Origins of Alliances*, explains why.

He set out, he says, to find out why statesmen and scholars of international relations seem to live in such different worlds. Textbooks tell us that nations form alliances to guard against strong, threatening neighbors. But policy-makers, though they may agree with this in theory, behave as though they don't believe it at all. They constantly warn that the slightest sign of weakness will reveal us as a "pitiful, helpless giant," to use Nixon's formulation, and send our allies rushing for the exit. Policy-makers, in Washington and in Moscow, also assume, despite much evidence to the contrary, that a common ideology makes for soulmates. The Kremlin feels obliged to prop up Marxist regimes, and we have nightmares of being encircled by them. Further, both sides retain a touching belief that faithful allies can be bought, or seduced, through foreign aid and propaganda.

This fear of abandonment is nothing new in American foreign policy. "If our allies were uncertain about our ability or will to counter Soviet aggression," a National Security Council paper stated in 1953, "they would be strongly tempted to adopt a neutralist position." John F. Kennedy reaffirmed this view by declaring that "if the United States were to falter, the whole world ... would inevitably begin to move toward the Communist bloc." And Reagan was merely the most recent to echo it when he asserted, with regard to Central America, that "if we cannot defend ourselves [there] ... then we cannot

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expect to prevail elsewhere.... Our credibility will collapse and our alliances will crumble."

Walt questions this assumption about the fragility of our alliances. He argues that nations form alliances not to balance off power per se (if they did, Japan or Western Europe should join the Soviet Union to counter the overwhelming power of the United States), but to resist threats. Our major allies see Moscow as threatening, and thus they want to be allied with us. They are afraid of the Soviet Union not only because of the way it behaves, but in part because of where it is. Unfortunately for the Russians, they are juxtaposed against virtually every important country in Europe and Asia. For these countries in Moscow's shadow, the United States is a perfect ally: strong, rich, unthreatening, and above all, far away. If Soviet strategists were granted one wish, Walt observes, it would be to move their country somewhere else.

Their predictable response to this regrettable situation is to amass more and more military power. This, equally predictably, merely solidifies the hostile alliance system ranged against them. The stronger they get, the more their neighbors seek protection from the United States. Efforts to break out of this bind by soliciting clients in the dim reaches of the Third World backfire against them, for they elicit visions in Washington of Communist encirclement. The United States increases its military budget, and the Soviets' quest for greater security reinforces their own predicament.

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What an enviable position for the United States. Together with our NATO allies and Japan, we enjoy a 3-1 preponderance in population and GNP over the Soviets, in addition to our enormous technological advantages. Since 1950 the American alliance network has controlled more than 60 percent of gross world product, compared with 15 percent for the Soviet Union. We even have more men under arms: 6.2 million to their 5.8 million.

But American policy-makers are uncomfortable with success and feel anything but secure. They warn against complacency and urge us to show resolve: not only to scare the Russians, but to reassure the fickle allies who are presumably poised to abandon us. This has proved useful, of course, in getting money from Congress—particularly during those periods when Moscow cooperates by behaving belligerently. But it seems to have little effect on our allies. Indeed, the stronger we proclaim ourselves to be, the less incentive they have to provide much of their own defense. Though we complain about freeloading, it is a perfectly natural response by allies to a protector who promises to take care of them whatever the cost.

WALT IS also skeptical that a common ideology is nearly as important for alliances as policy-makers think, and that foreign aid and various efforts at political penetration win reliable clients, let alone friends. Yet both the United States and the Soviet Union clearly believe in both these assumptions. The Soviets obligingly come to the rescue of any regime declaring its faith in Marxism-Leninism, and we cheerfully subsidize anyone who tells us how noxious they find communism. Similarly, we assume that any regime calling itself Marxist must by definition be a supine instrument of Soviet power. Indeed, our leaders solemnly made this argument about China for more than a decade after Beijing cut loose from Moscow.

Policy-makers, like ward bosses, believe that handouts buy both gratitude and loyalty. Ample evidence to the contrary does not shake this conviction. The Soviets shovel billions into the coffers and Swiss bank accounts of their Third World satrapies. They do it for the same reason we do. As Harold Brown, secretary of defense in the Carter administration, explained the conventional wisdom: "How else are they going to expand their influence? ... When they ship out tanks to the Third World to use against their neighbors, that increases their political influence." He did not mention, understandably, the $5 billion the Soviets pumped into Egypt before they were unceremoniously kicked out, when Anwar Sadat decided he could cut a better deal with Washington.

WALT TESTS these three dubious assumptions—that nations bandwagon rather than trying to protect against threats, that ideology is a stronger motive for alignment than balancing, that economic and military bribes can buy reliable allies—by using as a case study the politics of the Middle East from 1955 to 1979. The laboratory is a reasonable one, for the area is a caldron of ideologies, regional struggles for power, and great power involvement.

During the early years of this period, Egypt under Nasser sought to dominate the Arab world through a combination of Soviet weapons, cajolery, and appeals to pan-Arab nationalism. Under the bandwagoning theory, the other nations of the region should have "Finlandized" themselves by succumbing to Egyptian threats. But this did not happen. On the contrary, the more Nasser blustered, the more resistance he engendered; the more successful he was, the more his neighbors formed alliances against him. Faced with the threat of a dominant Egypt, they sought counterweights by aligning themselves with either America or Russia. Their decision was not governed by ideology, moreover, but by which superpower offered more money with fewer strings. Similarly they displayed little concern for their own professed ideology of pan-Arabism, not to mention anti-Zionism, in their preoccupation with putting Nasser in his place.

Although the Arab states were continually at odds with one another, they skillfully played on the anxieties of the competing superpowers. Billions of rubles in Soviet aid disappeared behind the Sphinx's smile. "On no major issues in Soviet-Egyptian relations was Moscow able to make Egypt do something against its will," Alvin Rubenstein has written in *Red Star on the Nile*, "although it was occasionally able to restrain what Egypt did or wanted to do." Moscow did no better with either Syria or Iraq, despite pumping nearly $3 billion into the former and more than $2 billion into the latter. Syria's 1976 intervention against the PLO in Lebanon in direct defiance of Soviet pressure (Assad called Brezhnev's

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call for withdrawal "merely an expression of a point of view") was just one instance of the inability of the Soviets to exert control over their clients.

The same can be said of the United States. Washington handed Syria nearly a half billion dollars in 1974-75 to provide "an incentive to adopt a moderate approach" to the peace process with Israel. It might as well have given the money to the Salvation Army for all the effect it had on Damascus. In a five-year period the United States dropped more than $6 billion in Egypt. As a reward for this largess, Egypt increased its support for the PLO, put peace with Israel on hold after the invasion of Lebanon, and even hinted it might explore improved ties with the Soviet Union.

OTHER CLIENT states, as Walt demonstrates, play the same game. And that game is a perfectly reasonable one: furthering their own interests by means of the superpowers. The Saudis, for example, despite their vulnerability, remain resistant to American pressure when it suits them. They have kept the PLO and Syria solvent, paid for much of the equipment Egypt and Syria used in the October war against Israel, joined the 1973 oil embargo against the West, and refused to support the Camp David accords. As one Saudi general explained to his American counterparts: "You are just arms salesmen. And we pay cash."

Even Israel's "dependence on material support has not made it a compliant ally," Walt concludes, though it has occasionally provided leverage. Menachem Begin made this clear when he responded to an American suspension of an agreement for strategic cooperation in these words: "Are we a vassal state of yours? Are we a banana republic?" The Soviets got the same line from Assad when he rejected their request for base rights by citing their "imperialist behavior."

There are a number of reasons why aid doesn't buy faithful clients. Nations can seek other protectors, thus raising uncontrollable anxieties of abandonment in the hearts of their patrons. Also, the superpowers feel they will lose prestige if one of their dependents realigns or is defeated. As Henry Kissinger put it after the Six-Day War, the United States "could not let Soviet clients defeat a traditional American friend." Clients have a greater stake in the outcome of their regional quarrels than do their protectors. For this reason the superpowers usually cave in first.

As for ideological affinities, both superpowers stretch the rules: the Soviets have good relations with some of the world's most reactionary regimes, and the United States supports dictatorships that mock its democratic values. But without exception, both nations feel obliged to support regimes they consider ideologically congenial. The Soviets automatically aid left-wing ones, and the Americans right-wing ones. Moscow, however, will curry favor with anyone it can. The United States, by contrast, treats most left-wing regimes as threatening. In this way it often creates or intensifies the hostility it anticipates. In the mid-'50s, for example, Washington was alarmed by the emergence of a leftist government in Damascus and tried to subvert it. The Syrians responded by leaning toward Moscow. "The United States' own actions helped confirm the belief that a leftist regime in Syria would be hostile and pro-Soviet," Walt concludes, "and increased the degree of cohesion among the leftist governments in Syria, Egypt, and the Soviet Union."

Some clear lessons can be drawn from Walt's meticulous and instructive study. The conditions that have given the United States an overwhelming advantage during the past 40 years—the absence of nearby rivals, the perceptions of the Soviet Union as threatening—are solidly rooted and unlikely to be shaken by anything short of major changes in the world power structure. Crash military buildups of the kind that got us into our current economic mess, and Soviet incursions into the Third World that caused such hysteria in the late '70s, will neither win the United States new allies nor cause old ones to defect.

The fear that feckless allies will suddenly ignore their own interests and defect to the other side, leaving the United States lonely and isolated, have been responsible for most of the costly, even tragic, excesses of American foreign policy. Yet the record demonstrates that the odd states that may make, or even carry out, such a threat are hardly worth America's worry; they tend to add little, if anything, to America's power in the world. Indeed, it might be better if such states were encouraged to peddle themselves to Moscow. This would provide other allies with incentives to behave better and cease to take American support for granted. It might even reduce

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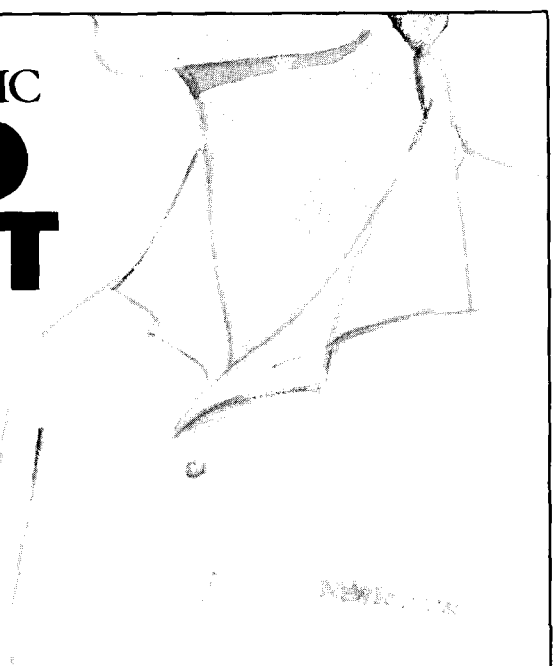

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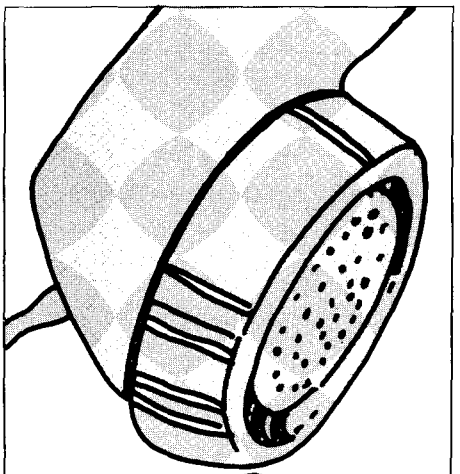

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freeloading by rich allies.

The United States, as Walt's study makes clear, should worry less about allies defecting and more about how it provokes opposition through misplaced belligerence. American cold war diplomacy has been a history of knee-jerk opposition to leftist forces in the Third World. Yet if events teach anything, it is that Marxist solidarity is a fantasy. The doctrine we so fear is, in fact, a source of conflict among Communist countries. It is our own behavior that bridges the schisms among Marxist regimes. Indeed, it would be hard to imagine a policy better designed to increase client dependency on Moscow than our current treatment of such states as Vietnam, Angola, Cuba, and Nicaragua.

The message of this book is not that the United States faces no dangers, but that the very nature of alliances provides it with enormous advantages over the Soviet Union. So long as Russia is perceived as threatening by its neighbors, they will want to maintain close ties with us. They would also be far more inclined to assume the burden of their own defense if we were not so insistent on asserting how rich and strong we are.

Our efforts to awe our allies with feats of strength, in the fear that they will abandon us at the slightest sign of indecision or weakness, is precisely what leads them to believe that they can take our support for granted. Never do they feel more free to criticize us than when we are engaged in weightlifting contests to impress them, such as the Vietnam War. If we were willing to accept this, Walt concludes, the burden of preserving our security—given our overwhelming preponderance of strength, wealth, and influence over the Soviet Union—could be considerably reduced. Indeed, that burden, removed of its psychological baggage, is relatively light.

The Origins of Alliances offers a different way of thinking about our security, and thus about our diplomacy. It ought to be read by anyone with a serious interest in understanding why our foreign policy is so often self-defeating. But it probably won't be. Foreign policy, after all, rests not only on evidence, but on states of mind. And we still see ourselves not as the leader of an immensely powerful coalition that has for decades successfully "contained" the Soviet Union, but as a child alone in a dark house beset by demons and poltergeists.

RONALD STEEL

TRB, *from page 4*

any individual person's vote, if not before it. That's an unavoidable anomaly of democracy. If late voters know something early voters didn't, they are free to act on it or not as they choose. How can having this extra information possibly be interpreted as unfair to them?

Then there's the charge that early projections can change the results by causing the underdog's supporters to skip the vote. Studies have been unable to demonstrate this effect, and it doesn't make a lot of sense. Why should the prospect of a foregone conclusion discourage the loser's partisans from voting more than it discourages the winner's? In any event, it's hardly in the spirit of American democracy to keep people ignorant for their own alleged good.

Finally, it's said that exit polls are unreliable. They can be wrong. Of course, they are reliable enough for journalists, who grab the results as soon as available and trust themselves not to be misled. Why can't the public be similarly trusted? Furthermore, the networks *do* use exit polls to report actual results. How else could Peter Jennings declare the winners in Kentucky two minutes after the real polls had closed? It's all a game.

The anathema on reporting exit polls is especially peculiar in a political culture awash in poll results of all sorts. The only difference between an election-day exit poll and the usual run of polls is that exit polls measure something concrete: how a person voted. Pre-election tracking polls measure how a person is likely to vote if that person votes at all. The great mass of general opinion polls are even more removed from reality. They invite pollees to select from a list of precooked attitudes about some matter to which they've probably given no previous thought at all, in effect creating the opinion they purport to measure.

What the goo-goos fear about exit polls, in other words, is not their unreliability but the opposite. If pre-election-day polls could predict the actual outcome as accurately, there'd be no reason not to ban reporting them as well. Actually, even that's not enough. The results of most political races are virtually certain well in advance. If mystery is to be regarded as essential to the democratic process, only a total news blackout will do.

Or, alternatively, the networks could go back to reporting the news when it's new, and tell the goo-goos to stuff it—not in the ballot box, either.

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FLORIDA DIARIST

Cosmopolitans and Provincials, Citizens and Subjects

BY FEBRUARY of a Cambridge winter I look for reasons to go south. So late last month I spent a week giving some talks at the University of Miami and Florida International University, visiting relatives, and campaigning for Al Gore. I also met, twice, with groups of TNR subscribers. You are exacting readers. I can't imagine that any other editors address an audience better informed, as sophisticated, or more responsive. My experience was so gratifying that I hereby spring on my colleagues the notion that, from time to time, when we visit other cities, we invite the local TNR cadres for talk and coffee.

THE STUDENTS I MET were perhaps a little deficient in polish, compared with the breed I know in Cambridge, but they compensate with a palpable intellectual intensity—the kind of intensity I imagine characterized City College a half century ago. Many of these young people are immigrants themselves, or first-generation Americans, for whom the trauma of passage is still vivid. The opportunities that education and self-discipline provide is not a lesson lost on them. The ethnic and racial mix gives these campuses, as it does Miami's city streets, a pulsing tempo and an urban cosmopolitanism. The largest group of newcomers is Cuban, and that means the liberal orthodoxies that govern the student bodies I know best don't reign here. These are genuinely diverse communities. There is none of the quiet intimidation that goes on at the elite New England or West Coast schools. Discussions about politics and values are much more open, and occasionally you hear a wholly unexpected opinion, which rarely happens at Harvard.

WHEN I READ Henry Fairlie's cover article on the elderly (see page 19), I thought he exaggerated. I'm no longer so sure. I encountered quite a few Democratic activist condominium retirees in my campaign travels. For months they had been flattered and cajoled shamelessly by the presidential aspirants or their surrogates, and most had gotten 100 percent satisfaction regarding their litmus test questions. Their bottom line is the sacredness of entitlements and federally funded long-term health care. I watched a debate between Mike Dukakis and Richard Gephardt at an assembly of thousands at Deerfield Century Village. Here was pandering made into a high art, damn the cost. Almost all of the Democrats, emigrants from the Northeast, still count themselves liberals. Al Gore, certainly, was insufficiently liberal by their lights. But as far as I could tell, what they mean by liberalism, aside from the litmus tests, is a squishy foreign policy. (The Jews among them favor squishiness in all aspects of international affairs except the defense of Israel.) On some matters many of these elderly Florida liberals sound like elderly California reactionaries. In Dade County, for example, the school system faces a financial crisis, and there was a $1 billion bond issue on the ballot. These voters repeatedly asked, in a put-upon tone, "What's in it for me?" Answer: not much, except the future of our society. One reason for their indifference to the schools is that they are now filled with Hispanic children, whom they do not welcome. These retirees seem to feel that the romance of immigration stopped with their generation.

MIAMI BEACH IS Dukakis Country. Were it not for Claude Pepper's endorsement of Gephardt, the Dukakis campaign could have skipped the expensive television blitz and relied only on the condo bosses, wizened parodies of the big urban bosses like Pendergast. Dukakis benefits from two ethnic provincialisms. Greek-Americans are relatively few in number and ordinarily conservative, but exceedingly generous to their own, from Spiro Agnew on. But Dukakis also commands support among Jews, largely because his wife, Kitty, is Jewish. I cannot tell you how often this was made clear to me, sometimes with a wink, sometimes right up front. One elderly lady confided to me "how wonderful" it would be to have a Passover seder at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. She went on to complain: "The Negroes are behaving like racists. They'll only vote for Jesse Jackson and not even look twice at any white candidate." Only in America, and all that.

AS I MENTIONED in a Cambridge Diarist a while back, my hometown has declared itself a sister city of Yerevan, the capital of Soviet Armenia. This is intended as practical confirmation of the scientifically daring proposition proved, after much research, by the Boston-based Physicians for Social Responsibility: that we all have hearts that can break. This insight is supposed to have vast political implication, especially for arms control. But I've been waiting for my sisterly neighbors to say something about the hundreds of thousands who have been demonstrating non-violently in Soviet Armenia against their distant rulers. What really exercises the Armenians is not nuclear conflagration, poor misguided souls, but their diminished peoplehood. Armenian nationalism is allowed expression in a sham "autonomous republic" a lot chintzier than the one the Soviets (and also many of the sister city enthusiasts among my neighbors) say is insufficient for the Palestinians. TNR editorialized in 1985 that the U.S.S.R.'s national groups would provide the real test of *glasnost*. A few months ago the historic Baltic peoples and the Crimean Tartars began to stir. There have been hints of disturbances elsewhere—the TV networks don't have camera crews prowling this huge land mass as they do on the West Bank! Several dozen demonstrators were killed by troops called out to quell the Armenian protests. I have heard no expression of concern or support for the people of Yerevan by their sisters in Cambridge.

NEWS DISPATCHES from the U.S.S.R. routinely characterize inhabitants of the country as "Soviet citizens." It is strange nomenclature. When was the last time you heard people referred to as British citizens? It is especially odd since the Soviet Union is one place of which many, if not most, of its residents don't wish to be citizens. This is a bizarre instance of what Pat Moynihan calls semantic infiltration. The word "citizen" has very precise resonance: to classical antiquity, to the French Revolution, and in general to the idea of a republic in which the people govern their own society. Even under Gorbachev the Soviet populace is made up of Soviet subjects.

M. P.

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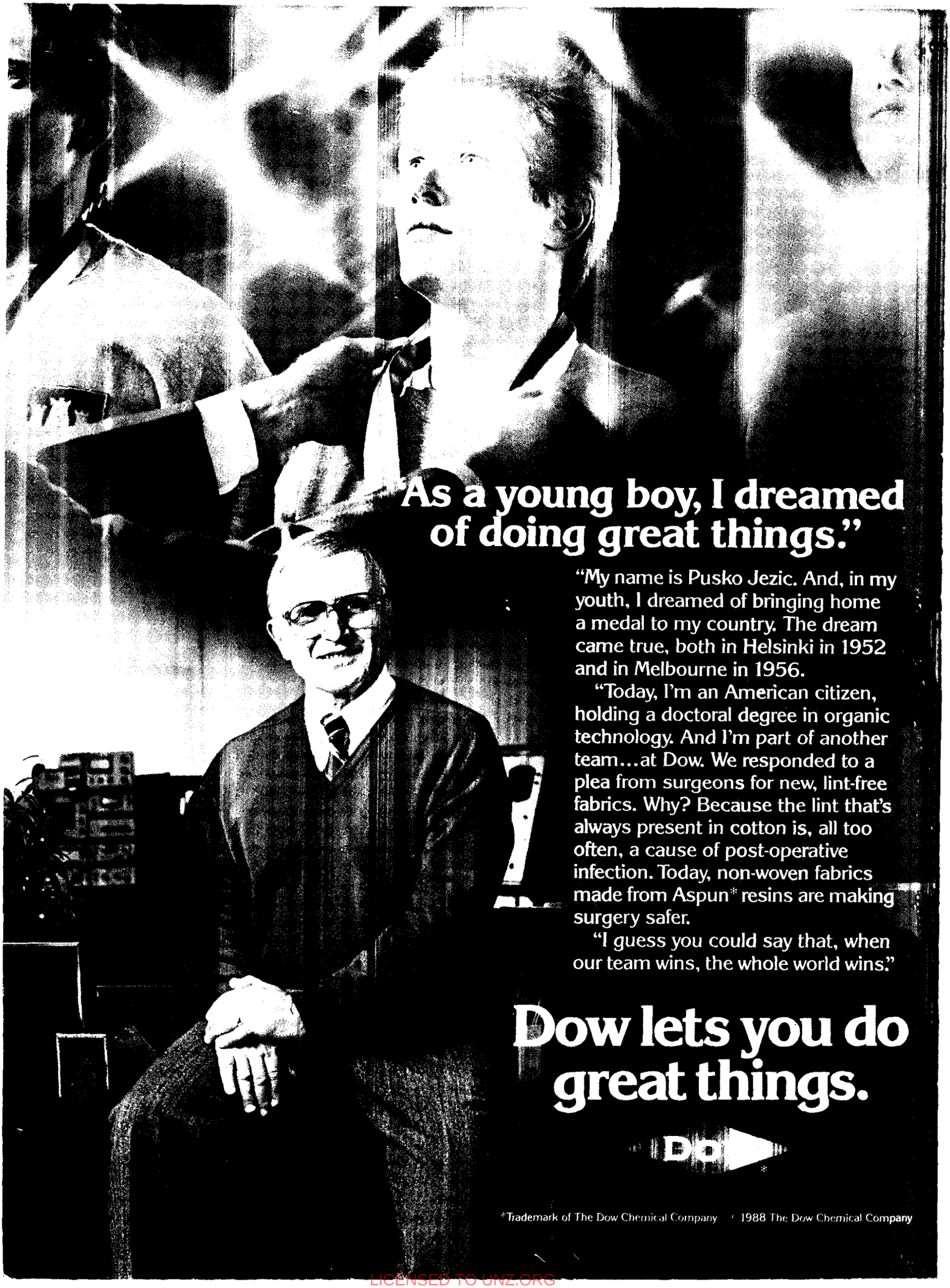

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Dow lets you do great things.

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